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SIR JOHN CONSTANTINE.¹

Memoirs of his adventures at home and abroad, and particularly in the Island of Corsica; beginning with the year 1756; written by his son Prosper Paleologus, otherwise Constantine; and edited by Q.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WOOING OF PRINCESS CAMILLA.

Take heed of loving me,
At least remember I forbade it thee; . . .
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

DONNE, *The Prohibition*.

'You have conquered.'

She had halted, a pace or two from me, with downcast eyes. She said it very slowly, and I stared at her and answered with an unmeaning laugh.

'Forgive me, Princess. I—I fancy my poor wits have been shaken and need a little time to recover. At any rate, I do not understand you.'

'You have conquered,' she repeated in a low voice that dragged upon the words. Then, after a pause.—'You remember, once, promising me that at the last I should come and place my neck under your foot . . .' She glanced up at me and dropped her eyes again. 'Yes, I see that you remember. *Eccù* . . . I am here.'

'I remember, Princess: but even yet I do not understand. Why, and for what, should you beseech me?'

'In the first place for death. I am your wife . . .' She

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broke off with a shiver. 'There is something in the name, messere—is there not?—that should move you to kindness, as a sportsman takes his game not unkindly to break its neck. That is all I ask of you——'

'Princess!'

She lifted a hand. '——except that you will let me say what I have to say. You shall think hard thoughts of me, and I will make them harder; but for your own sake you shall put away vile ones—if you can.'

I stared at her stupidly, dizzied a little with the words *I am your wife* humming in my brain. Or say that I am naturally not quick-witted, and I will plead that for once my dulness did me no discredit.

At all events it saved me for the moment: for while I stared at her, utterly at a loss, a crackle of twigs warned us and we turned together as, by the pathway leading from the highroad, the bushes parted and the face of Marc'antonio peered through upon the clearing.

'Salutation, O Princess!' said he gravely, and stepped out of cover attended by Stephanu, who likewise saluted.

The Princess drew herself up imperiously. 'I thought, O Stephanu, that I had made plain my orders, that you two were neither to follow nor to watch me?'

'Nevertheless,' Marc'antonio made answer, 'when one misses a comrade and hears, at a little distance, the firing of a volley—not to mention that someone has been burning gunpowder hereabouts,' he wound up, sniffing the air with an expression that absurdly reminded me of our Vicar, at home, tasting wine.

'I warn you, O Marc'antonio,' said the Princess, 'to be wise and ask no more questions.'

'I have asked none, O Princess,' he answered again still very gravely, and after a glance at me turned to Stephanu. 'But it runs in my head, comrade, that the time has come to consider other things than wisdom.'

'For example?'

I challenged him sharply.

'For example, cavalier, that I cannot reconcile this smell with any Corsican gunpowder.'

'And you are right,' said I. 'Nay, Princess, you have sworn not long since to obey me, and I choose that they shall know. That salvo, sirs, was fired, five minutes ago, by the Genoese.'

'A salvo did you say, cavalier?'

'For our wedding, Marc'antonio.' I took the Princess's hand—which neither yielded nor resisted—and lifting it a little way, released it to fall again limply. So for a while there was silence between us four.

'Marc'antonio,' said I, 'and you, Stephano—it is I now who speak for the Princess and decide for her: and I decide that you, who have served her faithfully, deserve to be told all the truth. It is truth, then, that we are married. The priest who married us was Fra Domenico, and with assent of his master the Prince Camillo. I can give you, moreover, the name of the chief witness: he is a certain Signor or General Andrea Fornari, and commands the Genoese garrison in Nonza.'

'Princess!' Marc'antonio implored her.

'It is true,' said she. 'This gentleman has done me much honour, having heard what my brother chose to say.'

'But I do not understand——' The honest fellow cast a wild look around the clearing. 'Ah, yes—the volley! They have taken the Prince, and shot him . . . But his body—they would not take his body—and you standing here and allowing it——'

'My friends,' I interrupted, 'they have certainly taken his body, and his soul too, for that matter; and I doubt if you can overtake either on this side of Nonza. But with him you will find the crown of Corsica and the priest who helped him to sell it. I tell you this, who are clansmen of the Colonne: and your mistress, who discovered the plot and was here to hinder it, will confirm me.'

Their eyes questioned her; not for long. In the droop of her bowed head was confirmation enough.

'And therefore,' I went on, 'you two can have no better business than to help me convey the Princess northward and bring her to her mother, whom in this futile following after a wretched boy you have all so strangely forgotten. By God!' said I, 'there is but one man in Corsica who has hunted, this while, on a true scent and held to it, and he is an Englishman, solitary and faithful at this moment upon Cape Corso!'

'Your pardon, cavalier,' answered Marc'antonio after a slow pause. 'What you say is just, in part, and I am not denying it. But so we saw not our duty, since the Queen Emilia bade us follow her son. With him we have hunted (as you tell us) too long and upon a false scent. Be it so: but, since this has befallen, we must follow on the chase a little further. For you, you have now the right to protect our well-beloved—not only to the end of

Cape Corso, but to the end of the world. But for us, who are two men used to obey, the Princess your wife must suffer us to disobey her now for the first time. The road to the Cape, avoiding Nonza, is rough and steep and must be travelled afoot; yet I think you twain can accomplish it. At the Cape, if God will, we will meet you and stand again at your service; but we travel by another road—the road which does not avoid Nonza.’

He glanced at Stephanu, who nodded.

‘Farewell then, O Princess; and if this be the end of our service, forgive what in the past has been done amiss. Farewell, O cavalier, and be happy to protect her in perils wherein we were powerless.’

The Princess stretched out both hands.

‘Nay, mistress,’ said Marc’antonio with another glance at Stephanu; ‘but first cross them, that there be no telling the right from the left: for we are jealous men.’

She crossed them obediently, and the two took each a hand and kissed it.

Now all this while I could see that she was struggling for speech, and as they released her hands she found it.

‘But wherefore must you go by Nonza, O Marc’antonio? And how many will you take with you?’

Marc’antonio put the first question aside. ‘We go alone, Princess. You may call it a reconnaissance, on which the fewer taken the better.’

‘You will not kill him!—Nay then, O Marc’antonio, at least—at least you will not hurt him!’

‘We hope, Princess, that there will be no need,’ he answered seriously, and, saluting once more, turned on his heel. Stephanu also saluted and turned, and the pair, falling into step, went from us across the clearing.

I watched them till their forms disappeared in the undergrowth, and turned to my bride.

‘And now, Princess, I believe you have something to say to me. Shall it be here? I will not suggest the cottage, which is overfull maybe of unpleasant reminders; but here is a tree-trunk, if you will be seated.’

‘That shall be as my lord chooses.’

I laughed. ‘Your lord chooses, then, that you take a seat. It seems (I take your word for it) that there must be hard thoughts between us. Well, a straight quarrel is soonest ended, they say: let us have them out and get them over.’

'Ah, you hurt! Is it necessary that you hurt so?' Her eyes no less than her voice sobered me at once, shuddering together as though my laugh had driven home a sword and it grated on the bone. I remembered that she always winced at laughter, but this evident anguish puzzled me.

'God knows,' said I, 'how I am hurting you. But pardon me; speak what you have to speak; and I will be patient while I learn.'

"A lifetime of dishonour" you said, and yet you laugh . . . A lifetime of dishonour, and you were blithe to be shot and escape it; yet now you laugh. Ah, I cannot understand!

'Princess!' I protested, although not even now did I grasp what meaning she had misread into my words.

'But you said rightly. It is a lifetime of dishonour you have suffered them to put on you: and I—I have taken more than life from you, cavalier—yet I cannot grieve it while you laugh. O sir, do not take from me my last help, which is to honour you!'

'Listen to me, Princess,' said I, stepping close and standing over her. 'What do you suppose that I meant by using those words?—your own words, remember.'

'That is better. It will help us both if we are frank—only do not treat me as a child. You heard what my brother said. Yes, and doubtless you have heard other things to my shame . . . Answer me.'

'If your brother chose to utter slanders—'

'Yes, yes; it was easy to catch him by the throat. That is how one man treats another who calls a woman vile in her presence. It does not mean that he disbelieves, and therefore it is worthless: but a gallant man will act so, almost without a second thought, and because it is *dans les formes*.' She paused. 'I learned that phrase in Brussels, cavalier.'

I made no answer.

—'In Brussels, cavalier,' she repeated, 'where it was often in the mouths of very vile persons. You have heard, perhaps, that we—that my brother and I—lived our childhood in Brussels?'

I bent my head, without answering, but still she persisted. 'I was brought to Corsica from Brussels, cavalier. Marc'antonio and Stephanu fetched us thence, being guided by that priest who is now my brother's confessor.'

'I have been told so, Princess. Marc'antonio told me.'

'Did he also tell you where he found me?'

'No, Princess.'

'Did he tell you that, being fetched hither, I was offered by my brother in marriage to a young Count Odo of the Rocce Serre, and that the poor boy slew himself with his own gun?'

I stuffed my hands deep in my pockets, and said I, standing over her, 'All this has been told me, Princess, though not the precise reason for it: and since you desire me to be frank I will tell you that I have given some thought to that dead lad—that rival of mine (if you will permit the word) whom I never knew. The mystery of his death is a mystery to me still: but in all my blind guesses [this somehow remained clear to me, that he had loved you, Princess: and this (again I ask your leave to say it), because I could understand it so well, forbade me to think unkindly of him.'

'He loved his honour better, sir.' Her face had flushed darkly.

'I am sorry, then, if I must suffer by comparison.'

'No, no,' she protested. 'Oh, why will you twist my words and force me to seem ungrateful? He died rather than have me to wife: you took me on the terms that within a few minutes you must die. For both of you the remedy was at hand, only you chose to save me before taking it. On my knees, sir, I could thank you for that. The crueller were they that, when you stood up claiming your right to die, they broke the bargain and cheated you.'

'Princess,' I said after musing a moment, 'if my surviving seemed to you so pitiable, there was another way.' I pointed to her musket.

'Yes, cavalier, and I will confess to you that when, having fired wide, they turned to go and the cheat was evident, twice before you pulled the bandage away I had lifted my gun. But I could not fire it, cavalier, To make me your executioner! . . . and while you thought so vilely of me . . .'

'Faith,' said I grimly, 'it was asking too much, even for a Genoese! Yet again I think you overrate their little trick, since after all'—I touched my own gunstock—'there remains a third way—the way chosen by young Odo of Rocca Serra.'

She put out a hand. 'Sir, that way you need not take—if you will be patient and hear me!'

'Lady,' said I, 'you may hastily despise me, but I am neither going to take that way, nor to be patient, nor to hear you. But I am, as you invited me, going to be very frank and confess to you,

risking your contempt, that I am extremely thankful the Genoese did not shoot me, a while ago. Indeed, I do not remember in all my life to have felt so glad, as I feel just now, to be alive. Give me your gun, if you please.'

'I do not understand.'

'No, you do not understand . . . Your gun, please . . . nay, you can lay it on the turf between us: the phial, too, that you offered your brother. Thank you. And now, my wife, let us talk of your country and mine—two islands which appear to differ more than I had guessed. In Corsica it would seem that, let a vile thing be spoken against a woman, it suffices. Belief in it does not count: it suffices that a shadow has touched her, and rather than share that shadow, men will kill themselves—so tender a plant is their honour. Now in England, O Princess, men are perhaps even more irrational. They, no more than your Corsicans, listen to the evidence and ask themselves, "Is this good evidence or bad? Do I believe it or disbelieve?" They begin farther back, Princess—shall I tell you how? They look in the face of their beloved and they say, "Slander this only as you dare; for here my belief is fixed beforehand."

'And therefore, O Princess,' I went on after a pause in which we eyed one another slowly, 'therefore, I disbelieve any slander concerning you; not merely because your brother's confessor was its author—though this to any rational man should be enough—but because I have looked in your face. Therefore also I—I, your husband—forbid you to speak what would dishonour us both.'

'But, cavalier—if—if it were true?'

'True?'—I let out a harsh laugh. 'Take up that phial. Hold it in your hand—so. Now look me in the face and drink—if you dare! Look me in the face, read how I trust you, and so, if you can say the lie to me, say it—and drink!'

She lifted the phial steadily, almost to her lips, keeping her eyes on mine—but of a sudden faltered and let it fall upon the turf; where I, whose heart had all but stood still, crushed my heel upon it savagely.

'I cannot. You have conquered,' she gasped.

'Conquered?' I swore a bitter oath. 'O Princess, think you *this* is the way I promised to conquer you? Take up your gun again and follow me . . . Eh? You do not ask where I lead?'

'It is enough that I follow you, my husband,' she said, slowly, humbly.

'It is something, indeed: but before God it is not enough, not half enough. I see now that "enough" may never come: almost I doubt if I, who swore to you it should come, and since have desired it madly, desire it any longer; and until it comes you are still the winner. "Enough" shall be said, Princess—for my price rises—not when (as I promised) you come to me without choosing to be loved or hated, only beseeching your master, but when you shall come to me having made your choice . . . But so far, so good,' said I cheerfully, changing my tone. 'You do not ask where I lead. I am leading you, if I can, to Cape Corso, to my father; and by his means, if they serve, to your mother.'

'I thank you, cavalier,' she said, still in her restrained voice. 'You are a good man; and for that reason I am sorry you will not listen to me—and understand.'

'The mountains are before us,' said I, shouldering my gun. 'Listen, Princess: let us be good comrades, us two. Let us forget what lies at the end of the journey—the convent for you, may be, and for me at least the parting. My life has been spared to-day and I tell you frankly, I am glad of the respite. For you, the mountains hold no slanders, and still less shall hold any evil. Put your hand in mine on the compact, and we will both step it bravely: forget that you were ever a Princess or I a promised king of this Corsica. O beloved, travel this land which can never be yours or mine, and let it be ours only for a while as we journey.'

I turned and led the way up the path between the bushes, not staying to part them for her: and she followed my stride almost at a run. On the bare mountain-spur above the high road she overtook and fell into pace with me: and so, skirting Nonza, we breasted the long slope of the range.

CHAPTER XXV.

MY WEDDING DAY.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages. Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see whether the vine hath budded and the tender grape appear.—*The Song of Songs*.

AHEAD of us, high on our right rose the mountain ridges, scarp upon scarp, to the snowy peak of Monte Stella; low on our left lay Nonza, and beyond it a sea blue as a sapphire, scarcely rippled, void of life save for one white sail far away on the south-west

horizon—not the *Gauntlet*: for, distant though she was, I could make out the shape of her canvas, and it was square-cut.

Nonza itself lay in the shadow of the shore with the early light shimmering upon its citadel and upper works—a fortress to all appearance asleep: but the Genoese pickets would be awake and guarding the northward road for at least a league beyond, and to avoid them we must cross the high mountain spurs, using where we could their patches of forest and our best speed where these left the ridges bare.

The way was hard—harder by far than I had deemed possible—and kept us too busy for talk. Our silence was not otherwise constrained at all. Passion fell away from us as we climbed; fell away with its strife, its confusion, its distempered memories of the night now past, and was left with the vapours of the coast where the malaria brooded. Through the upper, clearer atmosphere we walked as gods on the roof of the world, saw with clear eyes and knew with mind and spirit untroubled by self-sickness. We were silent, having fallen into an accord which made speech unnecessary. Difficult as the road soon became, and, while unknown to both of us, more difficult to me because of my inexperience, we chose without hesitating, almost without consulting, each moment bringing decision, and with decision, its own help. Now it was I who steadied her leap across a chasm; now came her turn to underprop my foothold till I clambered to a ledge whence I could reach down a hand and drag her up to me. As a rule I may call myself a blundering climber, my build being too heavy; but I made no mistake that day. Once only (as I remember) she spoke to me in the course of a three hours' scramble, and then as a comrade, in quiet approval of my mountaineering. We had come to a crag over which—with no word said—I had lowered her by help of my bandolier. She had waited at the foot while I followed her down without assistance, traversing on the way an outward-sloping ledge of smooth rock which overhung a precipice and a sheer fall of at least three hundred feet. The ledge had nowhere a notch in it to grip the boot-sole, and was moreover slippery with the green ooze of a mountain spring. It has haunted my dreams since then; I would not essay it again for my weight in money; but I crossed it that day, so to speak, with my hands in my pockets.

The most curious (you might call it the most uncanny) part of the whole adventure, was that from time to time we came out

of these breathless scrambles plump upon a patch of cultivated ground and a hill-farm with its steading; the explanation being that these farms stand each at the head of its own ravine, and, inaccessible one to another, have communication with the world only by the tracks which lead down their ravines. Here, three thousand feet and more above the sea—upon which we looked down between cliff and woodland as through a funnel, and upon the roofs and whitewashed walls of fishing-villages on the edge of the blue—lived slow, sedate folks, who called their dogs off us and stared upon us as portents and gave us goat's-milk and bread, refusing the coins we proffered. The inhabitants of this Cape (I have since learned) are a race apart in Corsica; slow, peaceable, without politics and almost (as we should say) without patriotism. We came to them as gods from the heights, and they received and sped us as gods. They were too slow of speech to question us, or even to express their astonishment.

There was one farm with a stream plunging past it, and, by the house-wall, a locked mill-wheel (God knows what it had ever ground), and by the door below it a woman seated on a flight of steps with her bosom half-covered and a sucking-child laid asleep across her knees. She blinked in the sunshine as we came across the yard to her, and said she:—

'Salutation, O strangers, and pardon that I cannot rise: but the little one is sick of a fever and I fear to stir him, for he makes as if he would sleep. Nor is there anyone else to entertain you, since my husband has gone down to the *marina* to fetch the wise woman who lives there.'

The Princess stepped close and stood over her. '*O paesana*,' said she, 'do you and your man live here alone, so far up the mountain?'

'There is the *bambino*,' said the mother simply. 'He is my first—and a boy, by the gift of the Holy Virgin. Already he takes notice, and soon he will be learning to talk: but since we both talk to him and about him, you may say that already there are three of us, and anon the good Lord may send us others. It is hard work, *O bella donna*, on such a farm as ours, and doubly hard on my husband now for these months that I have been able to help him but little. But with a good man and his child—if God spare the child—I shall want no happiness.'

'Give me the child,' said the Princess, taking a seat on the

stone slab beside her. 'He shall not hurt with me while you fetch us a draught of milk.'

The woman stared at her and at me, fearfully at first, then with a strange look in her eyes, between awe and disbelief and a growing hope.

'Even when you came,' she said hoarsely after a while, 'I was praying for an angel to help my child . . . O blind, O hard of faith that I am! And when I lifted my eyes and saw you, I be-thought me not that none walk this mountain by the path you have come, nor has this land any like you twain for beauty and stature . . . O lady—whether from heaven or earth—you will not take my child but to cure it? He is my only one.'

'Give him to me.'

The woman laid her child in the Princess's arms and ran into the house, throwing one look of terror back at us from the door-step. The Princess sat motionless, gazing down on the closed lids, frowning, deep in thoughts I could not follow.

'You will not,' said I, 'leave this good foolish soul in her error?'

'I have heard,' she answered quietly, without lifting her eyes, 'that a royal touch has virtue to heal sometimes—and there was a time when you claimed to be King of Corsica. Nay, forgive me,' she took herself up quickly, 'there is bitterness yet left in me, but that speech shall be the last of it . . . O husband, O my friend, I was thinking that this child will grow into a man: and of what his mother said, that there is such a thing as a good man: and I am trying to believe her . . . *Eccù!* he sleeps, poor mite! Listen to his breathing.'

The farm-wife came out with a full bowl of milk. Her hands shook and spilled some as she handed it to me, so eager were they to hold her infant again. Taking it and feeling the damp sweat as she passed a hand over its brow, she broke forth into blessings.

We told her of her mistake: but I doubt if she heard. 'I have dwelt here these three years,' she persisted, 'and none ever walked the mountain by the path you have come.' She watched us as I held the bowl for the Princess to drink, and asked quaintly, 'But is there no marrying in heaven? I have thought upon that many times and always it puzzles me.'

We said farewell to her and took her blessings with us as she watched us across the head of the ravine. Then followed another half-hour of silence and sharp climbing: but the worst was over, and by and by the range tailed off into a chain of lessening hills

over which in the purple distance rose a solitary sharp cone with a ruinous castle upon it, which (said the Princess) was Seneca's Tower at the head of the Vale of Luri.

We were now beyond the danger of the Genoese, and therefore turned aside to the left and descended the slopes to the highroad, along which we made good speed until, having passed the tower and the mouth of the gorge which leads up to it from the westward, we came, almost at nightfall, within sight of Pino by the sea.

Here I proposed that I should go forward to the village and find a night's lodging for her, pointing out that, the night being warm and dry, I could make my couch comfortably enough in one of the citron orchards that here lined the road on the landward side. To this at first she assented—it seemed to me, even eagerly. But I had scarcely taken forty paces up the road before I heard her voice calling me back, and back I went obediently.

'O husband,' she said, 'the dusk has fallen, and now in the dusk I can say a word I have been longing all day to be free of. Nay'—she put out a hand—'you must not forbid me: you must not even delay me now.'

'What is it, that I should forbid you?'

'It is—about Brussels.'

I dropped my hand impatiently and was turning away, but she touched my arm and the touch pleaded with me to face her.

'I have a right . . . Yes, it was good of you to refuse it; but you cannot go on refusing, because—see you—your goodness makes my right the stronger. This morning I could have told you, but you refused me. All this day I have known that refusal unjust.'

'All this day? Then—pardon, Princess—but why should I hear you now, at this moment?'

'The daylight is past,' she said simply. 'You can listen now and not see my face.'

On the hedge of the ditch beside the highroad lay a rough fragment of granite, a stone cracked and discarded, once the base of an olive-mill. She found a seat upon it and motioned to me to come close, and I stood close, staring down on her while she stared down at her feet, grey with dust almost as the road itself.

'We were children, Camillo and I,' she said at length, 'in keep of an ill woman we called Maman Trebuchet, and in a house near the entrance of a court leading off the Rue de la Madeleine and close beside the Market. How we had come there we never enquired . . . I suppose all children take such things as they

find them. The house was of five storeys, all let out in tenements, and we inhabited two rooms on the fourth floor to the left as you went up the staircase . . . Some of the men quarrelled with their wives and beat them. There was always a noise of quarrelling somewhere in the house : but outside before the front door the men who were not beating their women would sit for hours together and smoke and spit and tell one another stories against the Church and against women. The pavement where they sat and the street before it was strewn always with rotting odds and ends of vegetables, for almost everyone in that quarter earned his living by the Market, and Maman Trebuchet among the rest. She divided her time between walking the streets with a basket and drinking the profits away in the cabarets, and in the intervals she cursed and beat us. We lived for the most part on the refuse she brought home at night—on so much of her stock as had found no purchaser—and we played about the gutters and alleys of the Market. So far as I remember we were neither very happy nor yet very miserable. We knew that we were brother and sister, and that Maman Trebuchet was not our real mother. Beyond this we were not inquisitive, but took life as we found it.

‘Nevertheless, I know now that we were not altogether lost, but that eyes in Brussels were watching us—though how far they were friendly I cannot tell you. I think sometimes that the agents of the Genoese, who had hidden us there, must have been playing their own game as well as their masters’. There was, for example, a dark man who often visited the Market : he called himself a lay-brother and seemed to be busy with religious work among the poor of the quarter. We knew him as *Maitre Antoine* at first, and so he was generally called : but he told us that his real name was *Antonio*—or *Antoniù*, as he spoke it, and that he came from Italy. He took a great fancy to us and obtained leave of Maman Trebuchet to teach us the Scriptures : but what he really taught us was to speak with him in Italian. We did not know at the time that, though he called it Tuscan, he was all the while teaching us our own Corsican. Nor, I believe, did our guardian know this—but one day, finding out by chance that we knew Italian (for we had begun to talk it together, that she might not understand what we said) and discovering how we had picked it up, she flew into a dreadful rage, lay in wait next day to catch *Maitre Antoine* as he came up the stairs, and fell upon him with such fury that the poor man fled out of the house and we never saw him again.

'After this—I believe about a year later—there came a day when she bought a new cap and shawl for herself and new clothes for us, and, having seen that we were thoroughly washed, took us up the hill to a fine street near the palace, and to a hotel which was almost the grandest house in the street. We entered, and were led into the presence of a very noble-looking gentleman in a long yellow dressing-gown, who blessed us and gave us a kiss apiece, and some gold money, and afterwards poured out wine for Maman Trebuchet and thanked her for taking such good care of us.'

'That was your father, Princess.'

'I have often thought so. But I remember nothing of his face except that he had tears in his eyes when we said good-bye to him; at which I wondered a great deal, for I had never seen a man crying. When we were outside again in the street Maman Trebuchet took the gold away from us. I think she too must have received money: for from that day she neglected her marketing and drank more heavily than before. About a month later she was dead.

'On the day of the funeral there came to our house a man dressed like a gentleman—yet I believe rather that he must have been some kind of courier or valet. He spoke to us very kindly, and said that we had friends, who had sent him to us; that when we grew up we should not want for money; but that just now it was most important we should be put to school and made fit for our proper position in life. We must make up our minds to be separated, he said—and at this we both wept—but we should see one another often. For Camillo he had found lodgings with an excellent tutor, in whose care, after a year's study, he was to travel abroad and see the world: while for me he had chosen a home with some discreet ladies who would attend to my schooling.

'The house was in the Rue de Luxembourg—a corner house, where the street is joined by a lane running from the Place du Parvis. He led me to it that same evening, and Camillo came too, to make sure that I was comfortable. It was a strange house and full of ladies, the most of them young and all very handsomely dressed. But for their dresses I could almost have fancied it some kind of convent. At all events, they received me kindly, and many of them wept when they saw my parting with Camillo.'

Here the Princess paused, and sat silent for so long that I bent

forward in the dusk to read her face. She drew away, shivering, and put up both hands as if to cover it.

‘Well, Princess?’

‘That house, Cavalier! . . . that horrible house! . . . Ah, remember that I was a child, scarcely twelve years old—I had heard vile words among the market folk, but they were words and meant nothing to me: and now I saw things which I did not understand and—and I became used to them before ever guessing that these were the things those vile words had meant. The women were pretty, you see . . . and merry, and kind to me at first. Before God I never dreamed that I was looking on harm—not at first—but afterwards, when it was too late. The people who had put me there ceased to send money, and being a strong child and willing to work, at first I was put to make the women their chocolate, and carry it up to them of a morning, and so, little by little, I came to be their house-drudge. I had lost all news of Camillo. For hours I have hunted through the streets of Brussels, if by chance I might get sight of him . . . but he was lost. And I—O Cavalier, have pity on me!’

‘Wife,’ said I, standing before her, ‘why have you told me this? Did I not say to you that I have seen your face and believe, and no story shall shake my belief? . . . Nay, then, I am glad—yes, glad. Dear enough, God knows, you would have been to me had I met you, a child among these hills and ignorant as a child of evil. How much dearer you, who have trodden the hot plough-shares and come to me through the fires! . . . See now, I could kneel to you, O queen, for shame at the little I have deserved.’

But she put out a hand to check me. ‘O friend,’ she said sadly, ‘will you never understand? For the great faith you pay me I shall go thankfully all my days: but the faith that should answer it I cannot give you . . . Ah, there lies the cruelty! You are able to trust, and I can never trust in return. You can believe, but I cannot believe. I have seen all men so vile that the root of faith is withered in me. . . . Sir, believe, that though everything that makes me will to thank you must make me seem the more ungrateful, yet I honour you too much to give you less than an equal faith. I am your slave, if you command. But if you ask what only can honour us two as man and wife, you lose all, and I am for ever degraded.’

I stepped back a pace. ‘O Princess,’ I said slowly, ‘I shall

never claim your faith until you bring it to me humbly, with a straight brow and truth on your lips. Let this account be closed between us until you come to me—as in the end you shall—asking to reopen it. *That* was the challenge I flung to you, long ago, over my friend's grave. . . . And now, let all this rest for a while. Take up your story again and tell me the story to the end.'

So in the darkness, seated there upon the millstone with her gun across her knees, she told me all the story, very quietly :—How at the last she had been found in the house in Brussels by Marc'antonio and Stephanu and fetched home to the island ; how she had found there her brother Camillo in charge of Fra Domenico, his tutor and confessor ; with what kindness the priest had received her, how he had confessed her and assured her that the book of those horrible years was closed ; and how, nevertheless, the story had crept out, poisoning the people's loyalty and her brother's chances.

I heard her to the end, or almost to the end : for while she drew near to conclude, and while I stood grinding my teeth upon the certainty that all this plot—from the kidnapping straight down to the spreading of the slanders—had been Master Domenico's work, and his only, the air thudded with a distant dull concussion at which, breaking off her narrative, she lifted her head to listen.

'It is the sound of guns,' said I, listening too, while half a dozen similar concussions followed. 'Heavy artillery, too, and from the southward.'

'Nay ; but what light is that, yonder, to the north ?'

She pointed into the night behind me, and I turned to see a faint glow spreading along the northern horizon, and mounting, and reddening as it mounted until the black hills between us and Cape Corso stood up against it in sharp outline.

'O wife, said I, "since you must be weary, sleep, if you will, for a while, and I will keep watch : but wake soon, for yonder is something worth your seeing.'

'Whose work is it, think you ?'

'The work,' said I, 'of a man who would set the whole world on fire, and only for love.'

CHAPTER XXVI

THE FLAME AND THE ALTAR

And when he saw the statly towre
 Shining baith clere and bricht,
 Whilk stood abune the jawing wave,
 Built on a rock of height,

Says, Row the boat, my mariners,
 And bring me to the land,
 For yonder I see my love's castle
 Close by the saut sea strand.—*Rough Royal.*

As 'twixt two equal armies Fate
 Suspends uncertain victory,
 Our souls—which to advance our state
 Were gone out—hung 'twixt her and me :

And whilst our souls negotiate there,
 We like sepulchral statues lay ;
 All day the same our postures were,
 And we said nothing, all the day.—DONNE, *The Ecstasie*.

SHE rose from the stone willingly enough, but swayed a little, finding her feet ; and the faint light, as she turned her face to it, showed me that she was weary almost to fainting. In short she had come to a pass where the more haste would certainly make the worse speed.

'It is not spirit you lack, but sleep,' said I, and she confessed that it was so. An hour's rest would recover her, she said, and obediently lay down where I found a couch for her on a bank of sweet-smelling heath above the road. I too wanted rest, and settled myself down with my back against a citron tree some twenty paces distant.

Chaucer says somewhere, (and it is true,) that women take less sleep and take it more lightly than men. It seemed to me that I had scarcely closed my eyes before I opened them again at a touch on my shoulder. The night was yet dark around us, save for the glow to the northward, and at first I would hardly believe when the Princess told me that I had been sleeping near upon three hours. Then it occurred to me that for a long while the sky overhead had been shaking and repeating the boom of cannon.

'There is firing to the south of us,' she said ; 'and heavier firing than where the light is. It comes from Nonza or thereabouts.'

'Then it is no affair of ours, even if we could reach it. But

the flame yonder will lead us to my father and (I trust) to the Queen Emilia.'

So we took the white glimmering highroad again and stepped out briskly, refreshed by sleep and the cool night air that went with us, blowing softly across the ridges on our right. We found a track that skirted the village of Pino, leading us wide among orchards of citron and olive, and had scarcely regained the road before the guns to the south ceased firing. Also the red glow, though it still suffused the north, began to fade as we neared it and climbed the last of steep hills that run out to the extremity of the cape. There, upon the summit, suddenly we came to a stand and caught our breath.

The sea lay at our feet, and down across its black floor to the base of the cliff on which we stood ran a broad ribbon of light. It shone from a rock less than half a league distant: and on that rock stood a castle which was a furnace—its walls black as the bars of a grate, its windows aglow with contained fire. For the moment it seemed that this fire filled the whole pile of masonry: but presently, while we stood and stared, a sudden flame, shooting high from the walls, lit up the front of a tall tower above them, with a line of battlements at its base and on the battlements a range of roofs yet intact. As though a slide had been opened and as rapidly shut again, this vision of tower, roofs, battlements gleamed for a second and vanished as the flame sank and a cloud of smoke and sparks rolled up in its place and drifted heavily to leeward.

With a light touch on the Princess's arm I bade her follow me, and we raced together down the slope. At the foot of it we plunged into a grove of olives and through it, as through a screen, emerged upon the street of a little *marina*—two dozen fisher-huts, huddled close above the foreshore, and tenantless—for their inhabitants were gathered all on the beach and staring at the blaze.

I have said that the folk at Cape Corso are a race apart: and surely there never was a stranger crowd than that in which, two minutes later, we found ourselves mingling unchallenged. They accepted us, may be, as a minor miracle of the night. They gazed at us curiously there in the light of the conflagration, and from us away to the burning island, and talked together in whispers, in a patois of which I caught but one word in three. They asked us no questions. Their voices filled the beach with a kind of subdued murmuring, all alike gentle and patiently explanatory.

'It is the island of Giraglia,' said one to me. 'Yes, yes; this will be the work of the patriots—a brave feat too, there's no denying.'

I pointed to a line of fishing-boats moored a short furlong off the shore in the shoal water.

'If you own one,' said I, 'give me leave to hire her from you, and name your price.'

'*Perchè, perchè?*'

'I wish to sail her to the island.'

'*O galant'uomo*, but why should any one desire to sail to the island to-night of all nights, seeing that to-night they have set it on fire?'

I stared at his simplicity. 'You are not patriots, it seems, at this end of the Cape?'

He shook his head gravely. 'The Genoese on the island are our customers, and buy our fish. Why should men quarrel?'

'If it come to commerce, then, will you sell me your boat? The price of her should be worth many a day's barter of fish.'

He shook his head again, but called his neighbours to him, men and women, and they began to discuss my offer, all muttering together, their voices mingling confusedly as in a dream.

By and by the man turned to me. 'The price is thirty-five livres, signore, on deposit, for which you may choose any boat you will. We are peaceable folk and care not to meddle; but the half shall be refunded if you bring her back safe and sound.'

'Fetch me a shore-boat, then,' said I, while they counted my money, having fetched a lantern for the purpose.

But it appeared that shore-boat there was none. I learned later that my father and Captain Pomery, acting on his behalf, had hired all the shore-boats at these *marinas* (of which there are three hard by the extremity of the Cape) for use in the night attack upon the island.

'Hold you my gun, then, Princess,' said I, 'while I swim out to the nearest:' and wading out till the dark water reached to my breast, I chose out my boat, swam to her—it was but a few strokes—clambered on board, caught up a sweep and worked her back to the beach. The Princess, holding our two guns high, waded out to me and I lifted her on board.

We heard the voices of the villagers murmuring behind us while I hoisted the little sprit-sail and drew the sheet home. The night-breeze, fluking among the gullies, filled the sail at once, fell light again and left it flapping, then drew a steady breath aft, and the voices were lost in the hiss of water under the boat's stern.

But not until we had passed the extreme point of land did we

find the true breeze, which there headed us lightly, blowing (as nearly as I can guess) from N.N.E., yet allowed us a fair course, so that by hauling the sheet close I could point well to windward of the fiery reflection on the water and fetch the island on a single tack. It was here, as we ran out of the loom of the land, that the waning moon lifted her rim over the hills astern; and it was here, as we cleared the point, that her rays, traversing the misty sea between us and Elba, touched the grey-white canvas of a vessel jeeling along (as we say at the fishing in Cornwall) and holding herself to windward for a straight run down upon the island—a vessel which at first glance I recognised for the *Gauntlet*.

Plainly she was standing by, waiting; plainly then her crew—or those of them engaged for the assault—were detained yet upon the island; whence (to make matters surer) there sounded, as our boat ran up to it, a few loose dropping shots and a single cry—a cry that travelled across to us down the lane of light directing us to the quay. The blaze had died down; the upper keep, now overhanging us, stood black and unlit against a sky almost as black; but on a stairway at the base of it torches were moving and the flame of them shone on the slippery steps of a quay to which I guided the boat and, jamming the helm down with a thrust of the foot, ran forward and lowered sail.

We carried more way than I had reckoned for, and—the Princess having no science to help me—crashed in among a press of boats huddled in the black shadow alongside the quay-steps, and with such force as almost to stave in the upper timbers of a couple and sink them where they lay. No voice challenged us. I wondered at this as I gripped at the dark dew-drenched canvas to haul it inboard, and while I wondered, a strong light shone down upon us from the quay's edge.

A man stood there, holding a torch high over his head and shading his eyes as he peered down at the boat—a tall man in a Trappist habit girt high on his naked legs almost to the knees.

'My father?' I demanded. 'Where is my father?'

He made no answer, but signed to us to make our landing, and waited for us, still holding the torch high while I helped the Princess from one boat to another and so to the slippery steps.

'My father?' I demanded again.

He turned and led us along the quay to a stairway cut in the living rock. At the foot of it he lowered his torch for a moment that we might see and step aside. Two bodies lay there—two of his

brethren, stretched side by side and disposedly, with arms crossed on their breasts, ready for burial. High on the stairway, where it entered the base of a battlemented wall under an arch of heavy stonework, a solitary monk was drawing water from a well and sluicing down the steps. The water ran past our feet, and in the dawn now paling about us I saw its colour . . .

The burnt building—it had been the Genoese barracks—stood high on the right of the stairway. Its roof had fallen in upon the flames raging through its wooden floors, so that what had been but an hour ago a blazing furnace was now a cold shell of masonry out of which a cloud of smoke rolled lazily and hung about the upper walls of the fortress. Through its window-spaces, void and fire-smirched, as now and again the reek lifted I saw the pale upper-sky with half a dozen charred ends of roof-timber sharply defined against it—a black and broken grid; and while yet I stared upward another pair of monks crossed the platform above the archway. They carried a body between them—the body of a man in the Genoese uniform—and were bearing it towards a bastion on the western side, that overhung the sea. There the battlements hid them from me; but by and by I heard a splash . . .

By this time we were mounting the stairway. We passed under the arch—where a door, shattered and wrenched from its upper hinge, lay askew against the wall—and climbed to the platform. From this another flight of steps (but these were of worked granite) led straight as a ladder to a smaller platform at the foot of the keep; and high upon these stood my uncle Gervase directing half a score of monks to right an overturned cannon.

His back was toward me, but he turned as I hailed him by name—turned and I saw that he carried his arm in a sling. He came down the steps to welcome me, but slowly and with a very grave face.

‘My father—where is he?’

‘He is alive, lad.’ My uncle took my hand and pressed it. ‘That is to say, I left him alive. But come and see . . .’ He paused—my uncle was ever shy in the presence of women—and with his sound hand lifted his hat to the Princess. ‘The signorina, if she will forgive a stranger for suggesting it—she may be spared some pain if—’

‘She seeks her mother, sir,’ said I, cutting him short; ‘and her mother is the Queen Emilia.’

‘Your servant, signorina.’ My uncle bowed again and with a

reassuring smile. 'And I am happy to tell you that, so far at least, our expedition has succeeded. Your mother lives, signorina—or, should I say, Princess? Yes, yes, Princess, to be sure—— But come, the both of you, and be prepared for gladness or sorrow, as may betide.'

He ran up the steps and we followed him, across the platform to a low doorway in the base of the keep, through this, and up a winding staircase of spirals, so steep and so many that the head swam. Open lancet windows—one at each complete round of the stair—admitted the morning breeze, and through them, as I clung to the newel and climbed dizzily, I had glimpses of the sea twinkling far below. I counted these windows up to two dozen, but had lost my reckoning for minutes before we emerged, at my uncle's heels, upon a semi-circular landing and in face of an iron-studded door the hasp of which he rattled gently. A voice answered from within bidding him open, and very softly he thrust the door wide.

The room into which we looked was of fair size and in shape semi-circular to match the landing without. Two windows lit it, and between us and the nearest knelt Dom Basilio, busy with a web of linen which he was tearing into bandages. His was the voice that had commanded us to enter; and passing in, I was aware that the room had two other occupants; for behind the door stood a truckle bed, and along the bed lay my father, pale as death and swathed in bandages; and by the foot of the bed on a stool, with a spinning-wheel beside her, sat a woman.

It needed no second look to tell me her name. Mean cell as it was that held her, and mean her seat, the worn face could belong to no one meaner than a Queen. A spool of thread had rolled from her hand, across the floor; yet her hands upon her lap were shaped as though they still held it. As she sat now, rigid, with her eyes on the bed, she must have been sitting for minutes. So, while Dom Basilio snipped and rent at his bandages she gazed at my father on the bed, and my father gazed back into her eyes, drinking the love in them, and the faces of both seemed to shine with a solemn awe.

I think we must have been standing, we three, on the threshold there for close upon a minute before my father turned his eyes towards me—so far beyond this life was he travelling and so far had the sound of our entrance to follow and overtake his dying senses.

'Prosper! . . .'

'My father!'

He lifted a hand weakly toward the bandages wrapping his breast. 'These—these are of her spinning, lad. This is her bed they have laid me in . . . Who is it stands there behind your shoulder?'

'It is the Princess, father— You remember the Princess Camilla? Yes, madam'—I turned to the Queen—'it is your daughter I bring—your daughter and, with your blessing, my wife.'

The Queen, though her daughter knelt, did not offer to embrace her, but lifted two feeble hands over the bowed head as though to bless, while over her hands her gaze still rested on my father.

'We have had brave work, lad,' he panted. 'I am sorry you come late for it—but you were bound on your own business, eh?' He turned with a ghost of his old smile. 'Nay, child, and you did right; I am not blaming you—the young to the young, and let the dead bury the dead! Kiss me, lad, if you can find room between these plaguey bandages. Your pardon, Dom Basilio: you have done your best and, if I seem ungrateful, let me make amends and thank you for giving me this last, best hour. . . . Indeed, Dom Basilio, I am a dead man, but your bandages are tying my soul here for a while, where it would stay. Gervase——' he reached out a hand to my uncle, who was past hiding his tears, 'Gervase—brother—there needs no talk, no thanks, between you and me . . . '

I drew back and touching Dom Basilio by the shoulder, led him to the window. 'He has no single wound that in itself would be fatal,' the Trappist whispered; 'but a twenty that together have bled him to death. He hacked his way up this stair through half a score of Genoese; at the door here, there was none left to hinder him and we, having found and followed with the keys, climbed over bodies to find him stretched before it——'

'Emilia!' It was my father's voice lifted in triumph; and the Queen rose at the sound of it, trembling, and stood by the bed. 'Emilia! Ah, love—ah, Queen, bend lower!—the love we loved—there, over the Taravo—it was not lost. . . . It meets in our children—and we—and we——'

The Queen bent.

'O great one—O soul of my soul—and we in Heaven!'

I lifted the Princess and led her to the window fronting the dawn. We looked not toward the pillow where their lips met; but into the dawn, and from the dawn into each other's eyes.

AN INCURSION INTO DIPLOMACY.

BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

I HAVE long owed a full statement to a number of my countrymen, who once trusted me unreservedly with a considerable sum of their money, as to how this money was spent. The occasion was in January of 1902, when, through the columns of the 'Times,' I appealed for funds to enable me to publish and to distribute abroad, in the different languages of Europe, a simple and direct statement of the British case in the Boer war, and an answer to those charges of inhumanity against our soldiers which were rife upon the Continent. Those charges, if left unrefuted, were not only a stain upon our national repute, but were also a very grave practical danger, for they inclined a large body of the public in each country towards a moral sympathy with the Boers which greatly strengthened their position. There was even reason to fear that such sympathy might at last translate itself into action, and that, carried away by the feelings of their people, and encouraged possibly by some transitory Boer success, intervention from abroad might even at the eleventh hour throw oil upon the dying flames. It was this obvious danger which caused me to embark upon a small unauthorised incursion into amateur diplomacy.

In the first place, let me apologise if I tell the narrative in a personal way. I know no other way to tell it, since I was both the originator and, in conjunction with Mr. Reginald J. Smith, the carrier out of the idea. But let me hasten to say that I am fully aware that there are many who could have done the work with greater authority and with higher literary skill. The only qualifications which I could urge were the negative ones, that I was not connected either with the Government or with the Army, and that therefore I could in no way be represented as a mere official mouthpiece. Against me was the fact that I was best known as a writer of fiction, a personal argument which was freely used both abroad and at home. However, if one always waited for the ideal man to come along, nothing would ever get done; so I must fall back upon the excuse that I saw the thing needed doing,

and that, however imperfectly I did it, it was none the less to the best of my power.

How well I can remember the inception of my enterprise ! The date was January 7, 1902. The day was a Tuesday. Sir Henry Thompson was holding that evening one of those charming 'octave' dinners at which it was my occasional privilege to attend, and I was going up to town from Hindhead to keep the engagement. Sitting alone in a carriage I read the foreign correspondence of the 'Times.' In a single column there were accounts of meetings in all parts of Europe—notably one of some hundreds of Rhineland clergymen—protesting against our brutalities to our enemies. There followed a whole column of extracts from foreign papers, with grotesque descriptions of our barbarities. To anyone who knew the easygoing British soldier or the character of his leaders the thing was unspeakably absurd; and yet, as I laid down the paper and thought the matter over, I could not but admit that these Continental people were acting under a generous and unselfish motive which was much to their credit. How could they help believing these things, and, believing them, was it not their duty by meeting, by article, by any means, to denounce them? Could we accuse them of being credulous? Would we not be equally so if all our accounts of any transaction came from one side, and were supported by such journalists and, above all, such artists as lent their pens and pencils, whether venally or not, to the Boer cause? Of course we would. And whose fault was it that our side of the question was not equally laid before the jury of the civilised world? Perhaps we were too proud, perhaps we were too negligent; but the fact was obvious that judgment was being given against us by default. How *could* they know our case? Where could they find it? If I were asked what document they could consult, what would I answer? Blue-books and State papers are not for the multitude. There were books like Fitz-Patrick's 'Transvaal from Within' or E. T. Cook's 'Rights and Wrongs'; but these were expensive volumes, and not readily translated. Nowhere could be found a statement which covered the whole ground in a simple fashion. Why didn't some Briton draw it up? And then, like a bullet through my head, came the thought, 'Why don't you draw it up yourself?'

The next instant I was on fire with the idea. Never in my life have I been so conscious of a direct imperative call which drove every other thought from the mind. If I were a humble

advocate, it was all the better, since I could have no axe to grind. I was fairly well posted in the facts already, as I had written an interim history of the war. I had seen something of the campaign, and possessed many documents which bore upon the matter. My plans widened every instant. I would raise money from the public, and by the sale of the book at home. With this I would translate it into every language. These translations should be given away wholesale. Every professor, every clergyman, every journalist, every politician, should have one put under his nose in his own language. In future, if they traduced us, they could no longer plead ignorance that there was another side to the question. Before I reached London all my programme was sketched out in my head. There was no item of it, I may add, which was not eventually carried through.

Fortune was my friend. I have said that I was dining that night with Sir Henry Thompson. My neighbour at dinner was a gentleman whose name I had not caught. My mind being full of the one idea, my talk soon came round to it, and instead of my neighbour being bored, my remarks were received with a courteous and sympathetic attention which caused me to make even greater demands upon his patience. Having listened from the soup to the savoury (often has my conscience rebuked me since), he ended by asking me mildly how I proposed to raise the money for these wide-reaching schemes. I answered that I would appeal to the public. He asked me how much would suffice. I answered that I could make a start with a thousand pounds. He remarked that it would take much more than that. 'However,' he added, 'if a thousand pounds would go any way towards it, I have no doubt that sum could be got for you.' 'From whom?' I asked. He gave me his name and address and said, 'I have no doubt that, if you carry out the scheme on the lines you suggest, I could get the money. When you have done your work, come to me, and we will see how it is best to proceed.' I promised to do so, and thanked him for his encouragement.

This was my first stroke of good luck. A second came next morning. I had occasion to call upon the publishing house of Smith, Elder & Co. over some other business, and during the interview I told Mr. Reginald Smith the plan that I had formed. Without a moment's hesitation he placed the whole machinery of his world-wide business at my disposal, without payment of any kind. From that moment he became my partner in the enterprise, and

I found his counsel at every stage of as great help to me as the publishing services which he so generously rendered. Not only did he save heavy costs to the fund, but he arranged easily and successfully those complex foreign transactions which the scheme entailed.

That morning I called at the War Office and was referred by them to the Intelligence Department, where every information which they possessed was freely put at my disposal. I then wrote to the 'Times' explaining what it was that I was trying to do, and asking those who sympathised with my object to lend me their aid. Never was an appeal more generously or rapidly answered. My morning post upon the day after brought me a hundred and twenty-seven letters, nearly all of which contained sums drawn from every class of the community, and varying from the fifty pounds of an ex-premier to the half-crown of the widow of a private soldier. Most of the remittances were accompanied by letters which showed that, however they might pretend in public to disregard it, the attitude of the foreign critics had really left a deep and bitter feeling in the hearts of our people.

It was on January 9 that I was able to begin my task. Upon the 17th I had finished it. When the amount of matter is considered, and the number of researches and verifications which it entailed, I need not say that I had been absorbed by the work, and devoted, I dare say, sixteen hours a day to its accomplishment. So far as possible I kept my individual opinions in the background, and made a more effective case by marshalling the statements of eye-witnesses, many of them Boers, on the various questions of farm-burnings, outrages, concentration camps, and other contentious subjects. I made the comments as simple and as short as I could, while as to the accuracy of my facts, I may say that, save as to the exact number of farmhouses burned, I have never heard of one which has been seriously questioned. It was a glad day for me when I was able to lay down my pen with the feeling that my statement was as full and as effective as it was in me to make it.

Meanwhile the subscriptions had still come steadily in, until nearly a thousand pounds had been banked by the time that the booklet was finished. The greater number of contributions were in small sums from people who could ill afford it. Among all the great ground landlords of London, drawing their huge unearned increments, I cannot trace one who supported an attempt to

state his country's case, while my desk was filled with the postal orders of humble citizens. One notable feature was the number of governesses and others residing abroad whose lives had been embittered by their inability to answer the slanders which were daily uttered in their presence. Many of these sent their small donations. A second pleasing feature was the number of foreigners resident in England who supported my scheme, in the hope that it would aid their own people to form a juster view. From Norwegians alone I received nearly fifty pounds with this object. If Britain's own children too often betrayed her at a crisis of her fate, she found at least warm friends among the strangers within her gates. Another point worth noting was that a disproportionate sum was from clergymen, which was explained by several of them as due to the fact that since the war began they had been pestered by anti-national literature, and took this means of protesting against it.

The proofs having been printed, I sent them to my chance acquaintance, as I had promised, and presently received an invitation to see him. He expressed his approval of the work, and handed me a banknote for £500, at the same time explaining that the money did not come from him. I asked if I might acknowledge it as from an anonymous donor—— 'The donor would not object,' said my friend. So I was able to head my list with 'A Loyal Briton,' who contributed £500, but even now I have been unable to obtain permission to publish the name of this generous donor.

By this time the banking account had risen to some two thousand pounds, and we were in a position to put our foreign translations in hand. The British edition had in the meantime been published, the distribution being placed in the hands of Messrs. Newnes, who gave the enterprise whole-hearted aid. The book was retailed at sixpence, but as it was our desire that the sale should be pushed it was sold to the trade at about threepence. The result was to leave the main profit of the enterprise in the hands of the retailer. The sale of the pamphlet was very large—in fact, I should imagine that it approached a record in the time. Some 250,000 copies were sold in Great Britain very quickly, and about 300,000 within a couple of months. This great sale enabled us to add considerably to the fund by the accumulation of the small rebate which had been reserved upon each copy. Our financial position was very strong, therefore, in dealing with the foreign translations.

The French edition was prepared by Professor Sumichrast of Harvard University, who is a French-Canadian by birth. This gentleman patriotically refused to take any payment for his work, which was admirably done. It was published without difficulty by Galignani, and several thousands were given away where they would do most good, in France, Belgium, and Switzerland, while 20,000 copies of this edition were printed.

The German edition was a more difficult matter. No German publisher would undertake it, and the only courtesy which we met with in that country was from Baron von Tauchnitz, who included the volume in his well-known English library. Our advances were met with coldness, and occasionally with insult. Here for example is a copy of an extreme specimen of the kind of letter received.

January 1902.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

GENT.—Doyle's book makes the impression as if it was ordered or influenced by the English Jingo party.

Now, you know, this English war party (as well as the English officers and soldiers in Transvaal) are contemptible by the whole civilised world as coward scoundrels and vile brutes who murder women and children.

It would be for me, as an importer of English literature to Germany, Austria and Russia, in the highest degree imprudent to do anything that could awake the suspicion I was in connection with so despised a party.

I have shown your letter to several persons. Nobody was inclined to take up the matter.

There is a mixture of venom and smugness about this epistle which gives it a high place in our collection. In spite of rebuffs, however, we found an Anglo-German publishing house in Berlin to undertake the work, and with the assistance of Herr Curt von Musgrave, who gave us an excellent translation, we were able to work off more than one very large edition, which had a perceptible effect in modifying the tone of that portion of the German press which was open to reason. Altogether 20,000 copies were distributed in the Fatherland and German-speaking Austria.

I remember one whimsical incident at this time. Somewhat tired, after the book was in the press, I went down to Seaford for a rest. While there, a message reached me that a Pan-German officer of Landwehr had come over to London, and desired to see me. I wired that I could not come up, but that I should be happy to see him if he came down. Down he came accordingly, a fine upstanding, soldierly man, speaking excellent English. The German proofs had passed through his hands, and he was much

distressed by the way in which I had spoken of the hostility which his countrymen had shown us, and its effect upon our feelings towards them. We sat all day and argued the question out. His great point, as a Pan-German, was that some day both Germany and Britain would have to fight Russia—Britain for India, and Germany perhaps for the Baltic Provinces. Therefore they should keep in close touch with each other. I assured him that at the time the feeling in this country was much more bitter against Germany than against Russia. He doubted it. I suggested as a test that he should try the question upon any 'bus driver in London as a fair index of popular opinion. He was very anxious that I should modify certain paragraphs, and I was equally determined not to do so, as I was convinced they were true. Finally, when he left me on his return to London he said, 'Well, I have come 800 miles to see you, and I ask you now as a final request that in the translation you will allow the one word "Leider" ("Alas") to be put at the opening of that paragraph.' I was perfectly ready to agree to this. So he got one word in exchange for 1,600 miles of travel, and I think it was a very sporting venture.

One charming incident connected with this German translation was that a small group of Swiss (and in no country had we such warm-hearted friends as among the minority in Switzerland) were so keen upon the cause that they had a translation and an edition of their own, with large print and maps. It was published independently at Zurich, Dr. Angst, the British Consul in that town, helping to organise it. The fair-minded and public-spirited gentlemen who put the matter through were Reinhold Ruegg, Colonel Affolter of the Artillery, Professor Haab, State-Secretary Keller, Dr. Rohrer, Professor Schinz, and Robert Schwarzenbach-Zeuner. Amongst other good friends who worked hard for the truth, and exposed themselves to much obloquy in doing so, were Professor Naville, the eminent Egyptologist of Geneva, and Monsieur Talichet, the well-known editor of the '*Bibliothèque Universelle*' of Lausanne, who sacrificed the circulation of his old-established magazine in upholding our cause.

So much for the French and German editions. The American and Canadian had arranged themselves. There remained the Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Hungarian, and Russian, all of which were rapidly prepared and circulated without a hitch, save that in the case of the Russian, which was published at Odessa, the Censor suppressed it at the last instant. We were successful,

however, in getting his veto removed. In each of these countries several thousands of the booklet were given away. In every case we found a larger sale for these foreign editions than we expected, arising no doubt from the eagerness of English residents abroad to make their neighbours understand our position.

The Dutch edition was a stumbling-block. This gallant little nation felt a most natural sympathy for their kinsfolk in arms against us, and honestly believed that they had been very badly used. We should certainly have felt the same. The result was that we were entirely unable to find either publisher or distributor. The greater the opposition the more obvious was the need for the book, so Mr. Reginald Smith arranged that a large edition should be printed here, and sent direct to all leaders of Dutch opinion. I believe that out of some 5,000 copies not more than twenty were sent back to us.

The Norwegian edition also presented some difficulties, which were overcome by the assistance of Mr. Thomassen of the 'Verdensgang.' This gentleman's paper was entirely opposed to us, but in the interests of fair play he helped me to get my book before the public. I hope that some relaxation in his attitude towards us in his paper may have been due to a fuller comprehension of our case, and a realisation of the fact that a nation does not make great sacrifices extending over years for an ignoble cause. One other incident in connection with the Norwegian edition is pleasant for me to recall. I had prefaced each Continental version with a special fore-word, designed to arrest the attention of the particular people whom I was addressing. In this case, when the book was going to press in Christiania, the preface had not arrived from the translator (the accomplished Madame Brockmann), and as she lived a hundred miles off, with all the passes blocked by a phenomenal snow-storm, it looked as if it must be omitted. Finally, however, my short address to the Scandinavian people was heliographed across from snow-peak to snow-peak, and so found its way to the book.

There was one other language into which the book needed to be translated, and that was the Welsh, for the vernacular press of the Principality was almost entirely pro-Boer, and the Welsh people had the most distorted information as to the cause for which their fellow countrymen fought so bravely in the field. The translation was done by Mr. W. Evans, and some 10,000 copies were printed for distribution through the agency of the Cardiff 'Western Mail.' This finished our labours. Our total output was 300,000 of

the British edition, about 50,000 in Canada and the United States, 20,000 in Germany, 20,000 in France, 5,000 in Holland, 10,000 in Wales, 8,000 in Hungary, 5,000 in Norway and Sweden, 3,500 in Portugal, 10,000 in Spain, 5,000 in Italy, and 5,000 in Russia. There were editions in Tamil and Kanarese, the numbers of which I do not know. In all, I have seen twenty different presentments of my little book. The total sum at our disposal amounted to about £5,000, of which, speaking roughly, half came from subscriptions and the other half was earned by the book itself.

It was not long before we had the most gratifying evidence of the success of these efforts. There was a rapid and marked change in the tone of the whole Continental press, which may have been a coincidence, but was certainly a pleasing one. In the case of many important organs of public opinion there could, however, be no question of coincidence, as the arguments advanced in the booklet and the facts quoted were cited in their leading articles as having modified their former anti-British views. This was the case with the 'Tag Blatt' of Vienna, whose London representative, Dr. Maurice Ernst, helped me in every way to approach the Austrian public. So it was also with the 'National Zeitung' in Berlin, the 'Indépendance Belge' in Brussels, and many others. In the greater number of cases, however, it was unreasonable to suppose that a journal would publicly eat its own words, and the best result for which we could hope was that which we often attained, an altered and less acrimonious tone.

Mr. Reginald Smith and I now found ourselves in the very pleasant position of having accomplished our work so far as we could do it, and yet of having in hand a considerable sum of money. What were we to do with it? To return it to subscribers was impossible, and indeed at least half of it would have to be returned to ourselves since it had been earned by the sale of the book. I felt that the subscribers had given me a free hand with the money, to use it to the best of my judgment for national aims, and I must apologise to them if I have not before now been able to give them some public account of what use it was put to. The fact is that it is only within the last few months that Mr. Smith has been able to get in the final accounts and bring the transaction to a close. It is my desire to give every information, which must be my justification in writing this rather personal article.

Our first expense was in immediate connection with the object in view, for we endeavoured to supplement the effect of the booklet

by circulating a large number of an excellent Austrian work, 'Recht und Unrecht im Burenkrieg,' by Dr. Ferdinand Hirz. Six hundred of these were distributed where they might do most good.

Our next move was to purchase half a dozen very handsome gold cigarette cases. On the back of each was engraved, 'From Friends in England to a Friend of England.' These were distributed to a few of those who had stood most staunchly by us. One went to the eminent French publicist, Monsieur Yves Guyot, a second to Monsieur Talichet of Lausanne, a third to Mr. Sumichrast, and a fourth to Professor Naville. By a happy coincidence the latter gentleman happened to be in this country at the time, and I had the pleasure of slipping the small souvenir into his hand as he put on his overcoat in the hall of the Athenæum Club. I have seldom seen anyone look more surprised.

There remained a considerable sum, and Mr. Reginald Smith shared my opinion that we should find some permanent use for it, and that this use should bring benefit to natives of South Africa. We therefore forwarded £1,000 to Edinburgh University, to be so invested as to give a return of £40 a year, which should be devoted to the South African student who acquitted himself with most distinction. There are many Afrikander students at Edinburgh, and we imagined that we had hit upon a pleasing common interest for Boer and for Briton; but I confess that I was rather amazed when at the end of the first year I received a letter from a student expressing his confidence that he would win the bursary, and adding that there could be no question as to his eligibility, as he was a full-blooded Zulu.

The fund, however, was by no means exhausted, and we were able to make contributions to the Civilian Rifleman's movement, to the Union Jack Club, to the Indian famine, to the Japanese nursing, to the Irish old soldiers' institute, to the fund for distressed Boers, and to many other deserving objects. These donations varied from fifty guineas to ten. Finally we were left with a residuum which amounted to £309 0s. 4d. Mr. Reginald Smith and I sat in solemn conclave over this sum, and discussed how it might best be used for the needs of the Empire. The fourpence presented no difficulty, for we worked it off upon the crossing sweeper outside who had helped to relieve Delhi. Nine pounds went in tobacco for the Chelsea veterans at Christmas. There remained the good round sum of £300. We bethought us of the saying that the safety of the Empire might depend upon a single shot from a

twelve-inch gun, and we devoted the whole amount to a magnificent cup, to be shot for by the various ships of the Channel Squadron, the winner to hold it for a single year. The stand of the cup was from the oak timbers of the 'Victory,' and the trophy itself was a splendid one in solid silver gilt. By the kind and judicious co-operation of Admiral Sir Percy Scott, the Inspector of Target Practice, through whose hands the trophy passed to the Senior Admiral afloat, Sir Arthur Wilson, V.C., in command of the Channel Squadron, all difficulties were overcome, and the cup has been shot for this year, and has produced, I am told, great emulation among the various crews. Our one condition was that it should not be retained in the mess-room, but should be put out on the deck where the winning bluejackets could continually see it. I learn that the 'Exmouth' came into Plymouth Harbour with the cup on the top of her fore turret.

Such is the history of the inception, the execution, and the results of a curious little incursion into diplomacy. Let my last word be of thanks, first to my partner in the enterprise, Mr. Reginald Smith, and secondly to all the contributors to the fund who encouraged me by their support. Their name is legion, and I have been unable to communicate with them individually as to the results of their enterprise. Perhaps they will kindly take this short statement as a sufficient explanation.

MARIAN BRAMSON, SPINSTER.

I.

FOR a rich man's daughter, distinguished in appearance, with intellectual gifts, and practical sagacity, to write herself spinster at the age of thirty-four suggests a more potent reason than want of opportunity. The reason involved the one great romance of Marian Bramson's life and her present isolation. Strong in character and self-control, too reserved, too honest, and of wit too mordant for general popularity, she had seen her sisters, inferior in every quality except a 'honeyed tongue,' wedded to men already eminent in politics and the Church. Women feared her equipment of sense and sarcasm; men challenged, or drew in self-defence. The love that goes with such natures is generally that of the mellowing autumn, not that of the ardent summer: the love of the 'teacher, tender, comrade, wife' that 'the august author' gave to Stevenson, rather than of the 'Phantom of delight' that 'haunted, startled and waylaid' Wordsworth. The love of the earlier season, if it comes at all to such women, comes suddenly, irresistibly, passionately; floods the well-ordered life as, through a sudden breach, the sleepy water of some rock-girt tarn that of the peaceful lowlands, and sweeps away prudence, caution, reason, sometimes even decency, in its wild career. Such love ends only with death.

Some six years previously Marian had met as a fellow-guest at her sister's house a young German professor, sent abroad by his university to study a branch of science already honourably identified with his name. Bernard Hoffmann was a most attractive personality; to a woman of Marian's mental calibre and lofty ideals one of irresistible appeal: a tall, strong, dark man, with Jove-like head, imposing brow, and vivid eyes; not the pale student eyes of one who sues to Science for her bounty, but eyes alert, inquisitive, penetrating: the eyes of an explorer, a discoverer among the vast seas and continents of knowledge. He had been a frequent guest at her father's table, where talent and promise were always welcome. In the familiarity of home life there had been added to the intellectual attraction of their earlier inter-

course a mutual assurance of many sympathetic tastes, a mutual admiration of complementary qualities in each, that paved the way for tenderer feelings. The sympathy of one whom the world found wanting in feminine softness flattered the man's self-esteem; the deference paid by so powerful an intellect to her judgment worked the like effect on his companion.

Bernard's avowal of his love came unseasonably and without premeditation. To such a high-strung nature the contrivance and calculation of the worldling wooer is impossible. The woman, taken unawares, had yielded unawares, intoxicated, as it were, with the novel emotion that suddenly swept over her and proclaimed her, against her own protesting reason, true woman. And then, after a brief communion of hearts too fain for worldly doubts, the mists of the earth rose up to obscure their heaven. Impulsively he poured out his tale. He was a Jew, he told her, by birth and belief, the only son of strict Hebrews; but what was that to a love like theirs. Love existed before Christ; surely her Christ was the apostle of love: its champion, not its destroyer. There were difficulties to be surmounted, of course, but nothing was worth having without winning. Difficulties were to love's fruition what the long approach, the steep ascent, were to the mountain-climber—an incentive, not a prohibition; a measure of the peak's lofty eminence; a tribute to its superb isolation; a trial and a discipline, by which the pride of achievement becomes consecrate. On religious matters each must think and act independently. There were many roads to heaven. It was at the mother's knee that children should kneel, and learn to pray to her God in her way. She might rely on his not interfering directly or indirectly with her teaching.

And the very self-sacrifice involved pleaded with a nature like Marian's more eloquently than wealth, more cogently than the prospect of high position. If he gained her father's consent and that of his own parents, she said, she would accept his promise to respect her religion and entrust to her the future control of which he had spoken. But she could never marry without such consent—that was imperative; and unless he could obtain it, he must forget her weakness, and leave her to forget—or try to forget—it too.

And Bernard, buoyant and sanguine, had at once sought her father.

The answer to the lover was curt, peremptory, and conclusive.

He was requested to leave the house without further communication with its inmates—and left.

Then followed a terrible interview between father and daughter, the effects of which coloured their intercourse till his death. Want of fortune, difference in nationality, the necessity of a foreign domicile, severance from her family, were as nothing to the enormity of a Jew husband, the entrance into a Jewish household, the sinfulness of a mixed marriage. The alienation that it would entail from her sisters ought alone to have given her pause—she, the eldest, who had always held a mother's place towards them. If no consideration for a parent, and the position that he had laboured for in his children's interest, had weight with her, she would marry without his consent; nay, against his express prohibition; nay, under his paternal ban and curse. Her lover had gone, and would never appear in that house again. It was for Marian to decide between him and her father.

Dry-eyed, rigid, and speechless, Marian had left the angry man, and the subject was never again referred to between them. A final letter of farewell and the romance closed.

II.

When Maurice Bramson was carried home after his accident, the doctor at once told his daughter that the injuries were fatal. The steady old cob, which had borne him in the Park for the last ten years, slipped at a crossing and pitched its rider heavily against the kerb. Though the slight concussion of the brain might have been surmounted, there was serious internal injury, which was beyond remedy. If arrangements had to be made respecting his affairs, the doctor added, advantage should be taken of the first lucid interval, as it was impossible to say whether it would recur. And for the same reason it would be wise to ask the patient whether he wished to see a clergyman in preparation for death, which might come suddenly.

Obediently to these counsels Marian Bramson took the earliest opportunity of ascertaining her father's wishes. His will, he said, was in the safe, and contained directions respecting his funeral, to which he prayed her particular attention. He did not desire to see a clergyman, and charged her earnestly to respect his wishes on this point. He had made his peace with God, who knew the

why and wherefore of everything, and died in the faith in which he had been born.

Then he turned his face to the wall, prepared for death. But in the night-time his mind wandered, and he babbled of strange things. Though sounding like gibberish to the patient watcher by the bed, it seemed to have a meaning to the sufferer, for the same phrase recurred over and over again, and engraved itself on his daughter's brain indelibly. '*Shemang yisroel*' (she was sure of these words) '*Boruch atto adonoy*,' were constantly repeated, and in a peculiar monotonous chaunt, like the repetition of an accustomed phrase in a litany. And just before the end came he asked for Rachel, and, placing his hands above Marian's head, as though invoking a blessing on her, he called her his little Miriam. Then, after a short interval of incoherent muttering, as of one who is following a well-known liturgy, at one time audibly, at another under his breath, he suddenly sprang up into a sitting posture, and shouting out in a loud, solemn voice, '*Adonoy achod*,' sank back and died.

It was all very strange and very painful, for Marian was alone. Of her twin sisters, Leila had been summoned from the Tyrol, but could not arrive for two or three days, Sarah was in Sweden, and difficult to communicate with.

Though Marian was astonished at her father, always so strict in religious observances, dispensing with the usual ministrations to the dying, she dared not follow her own inclination and send for a clergyman. He had been perfectly aware of his perilous condition, and had deliberately and pointedly expressed his wishes. She had no choice, therefore, but reverently to follow them.

After the first burst of grief that almost inevitably follows the dry-eyed tension of bedside restraint was over, Marian sought for the will in pursuance of her father's instructions. It lay at the top of the safe, tied up with some other papers, and endorsed in his well-known business hand. It was a holograph will, and so brief that it may be given here in its integrity :

This is the last and only will of me, Moses Abramsohn, commonly called Maurice Bramson, formerly of Frankfurt a/M., but now of 192 Bruton Street, London. I desire to be buried in the Jewish burial-ground, and that my tombstone may be set with the usual ceremony, and record my true name and those of my revered parents, Solomon and Leah Abramsohn, of Frankfurt aforesaid. I desire that ten pounds, duty free, be paid annually to the Great Synagogue, Duke's Place, for six years, to provide for offerings in my memory on the anniversary of my death. I bequeath to the Jewish charities of London and Frankfurt, as

specified in the paper writing marked 'Charities' already signed by me, the sum of 20,000*l.*, duty free. I bequeath to my honoured parents aforesaid an annuity of 1,500*l.*, duty free, for their joint lives and the life of the survivor, to be paid three months from my death, and thenceforward quarterly. The residue of my estate, both real and personal, I devise and bequeath to my three daughters, Miriam, usually called Marian, Zipporah, usually called Sarah, and Leah, usually called Leila, in the following proportions, namely, fourteen-sixteenths to Miriam, and one sixteenth each to Zipporah and Leah. I appoint my daughter Miriam, otherwise Marian, sole executor.

For some minutes after reading this extraordinary document Marian sat numbed and powerless, staring with sightless eyes, like one suddenly blinded by a flash of lightning. Mechanically she crumpled the paper, as if seeking to test its reality. The sharp edge of the foolscap against her delicate fingers roused her as the dash of cold water rouses a fainting woman. Her mind began to work, slowly and confusedly at first, then more nimbly, and with returning composure. Faint memories of childish experiences, never wholly obliterated, but regarded hitherto in their rare moments of recurrence as phantasies of dreamland, gradually took shape and substance. His little Miriam! Why was it so familiar? *Shemang yisroeil!* Even this gibberish seemed charged with meaning now. And involuntarily there came to the Christian woman the missing words of the Hebrew's asseveration of God's unity, the shibboleth of his unvarying faith: *Shemang yisroeil, adonoy eloheינו, adonoy achod*: Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God, the Lord is One. *Adonoy achod* had been her father's last words. Had he not said that he would die in the faith in which he had been born?—A Jew!

Then a host of trifles, touched into significance by this startling discovery, surged into recollection. She recalled that her father, though particular in religious observances, had always seemed to her a devotional rather than a spiritually devout man. Attendance at the usual services, the duties of churchwarden, Sabbath observance, the promotion of Church schools, the support, personal and pecuniary, of missions and Gospel teaching, the celebration of family prayers at his country house—all had been rigorously attended to; but these were of the form, not the essence, of true Christian life. He had always avoided religious discussion, and frankly avowed his dislike to it. In two respects only had he deviated from an ordinary Churchman's practice. He had never, so far as she knew, partaken of the Sacrament with any of his children, though insisting upon their communicating regularly; nor

had he ever repeated the Creed aloud, or turned to the east with the other worshippers, notwithstanding that his lips moved as if in silent prayer. These peculiarities had, of course, been noted by his observant daughters, but his habitual reserve on personal matters had prevented their seeking an explanation. His will was less reticent.

Though Marian had often wondered at the absence of relations, both on the father's and mother's side, she had accepted the statement of her parents having been orphans and only children as sufficient. The reference in the will, made barely a year ago, to living grandparents showed that she had been deceived on this point, and thus made her sceptical on many others hitherto unquestioned. Was her mother really dead? She had never seen the grave. Were the twins Sarah and Leila really her sisters: really her juniors by little more than a year? Their names were clearly counterfeits. Had she any brothers? Were there, in fact, no relatives on the mother's side living? She felt suspicious now of everything, justified now in requiring proof of everything. What further surprises might not life have in store for her? After this tremendous *bouleversement* other discoveries seemed inevitable. She feared to prosecute her inquiries, at any rate until there was someone to share in the search.

Together with the will were two envelopes, one endorsed 'Charities,' the other '*Apologia pro Vita mea.*' These she hastily replaced in the safe. At present the funeral arrangements had to be attended to. Marian was strong enough in decision and action, as women of her race mostly are. It was fear of what might still lurk behind the veil that had turned her brave heart craven.

The mention in the will of the Great Synagogue, Duke's Place, pointed out the most likely mode of effectuating her father's wishes as to burial. In answer to a telegram an official waited on her, and after certain difficulties, owing to the deceased not having been a member of the congregation, had been raised and a heavy payment to the Burial Society exacted for the required privilege, Marian was told that the interment must, in accordance with the Jewish practice of speedy burial, take place on the second day, as the two following, being religious festivals, were not available. Painful as this was, the further information that no women attended at Jewish funerals affected her more acutely. There would be no relative to see her father laid in his last resting-place. The few

friends and clerks that happened to be in town in October might attend, but the number was uncertain. The official assured her that mourners could be hired to make up the ten—*Minyan*, he called it—without which the *Kaddish*, or prayer for the dead, might not be said. Hired mourners! How antiquated, obsolete and misplaced they all seemed to the Christian orphan, these Eastern ordinances of long age, framed in lands where climate rendered corruption speedy and custom kept women in seclusion.

As she stood at the head of the stairs to see the last of the dear remains, borne by foreign-looking, black-bearded men, sallow of complexion and guttural of speech, to the hearse, and watched the file of strangers habited in rusty black follow from the room, where they had been waiting with covered heads, the few friends and dependents of the dead man, Marian, though unused to weeping, wept—wept as her sisters wept by the waters of Babylon, when they hanged their harps upon the willows. Though the Zion of her tears was different from that of the Jewish maidens, it was hardly less dear, for it held all the cherished beliefs, traditions, ideals, of her past life, foundations of the religion in which she had been reared, and which up to now she believed herself to have shared with her dead parent. She, too, seemed to be a captive in a strange land—a land of alien customs, prohibitions, superstitions almost, and (not least harrowing of her griefs) enduring this captivity at the hands of her own father. Yes; Marian bowed her head and wept as she remembered Zion.

And then there was that other Zion which partly caused her grief—for grief is seldom free from selfishness—a Zion of promise, not of possession, wherefrom she had been torn by the same ravisher. She hardly dared think of it at such a moment, in fear lest, unbidden and hateful, the curse of the prophet against Edom and Babylon, destroyers of Israel, should profane her mourning.

And her father was a Jew!

III.

The next evening found Marian in her boudoir, awaiting her sister's arrival. The moral shock of the recent revelation had lost its edge, leaving the mental energy of her normal self once more dominant. Curiosity—not the bastard inquisitiveness of the idle, but the legitimate prompting of one personally interested to inquire into a mystery—now possessed her. Like many

reserved persons, she was an acute observer of human nature, and though, possibly, under ordinary circumstances she might have hesitated to

peep and botanise
Upon her father's grave

while as yet barely filled in, the proffered explanation of his written '*Apologia*' absolved her from the reproach of indecent haste. She was sole executor, and the executor's was clearly the hand to open an unaddressed parcel. From its small bulk she hoped to finish its perusal before her sister arrived, which would avoid awkwardness if it were intended for her eyes alone.

The document bore a date slightly anterior to the will, and ran as follows :

MARIAN.—When you open this the secret of my life will have been revealed to you. That you will be amazed I know, and know, too, that your first and natural impulse will be to judge me harshly. Though I shall have to answer for my acts at the bar of a higher tribunal, I am anxious that my conduct should be placed fairly before you, and therefore am putting on record, as briefly as I can, some of the more important circumstances by which it was influenced. Whether you share this confidence with your sisters or not I leave to you. They are married and have nothing to reproach me with. If, as I believe is the case, they are happy wives and mothers, they owe their happiness to their Christian upbringing. That their dead father was a Jew who counterfeited Christianity can now have but a sentimental value in their lives. With you it is different. I hope to live until you, too, are happily married, when, if this document is still in existence, I ask you to burn it without reading further. But in case God in His wisdom shall otherwise ordain, I implore your kindly consideration before you condemn.

I was born in the Judengasse in Frankfurt. My parents were strict Jews, who made a bare livelihood by selling clothes to the poorest of their neighbours. I received the usual State education in secular subjects, and religious instruction at home. Even among my Jewish schoolfellows I was reputed clever, and possessed, besides the racial talent for figures, an exceptional faculty for languages. Until I was fifteen I lived the usual life of my people—a life of compulsory seclusion, strict religious observances, and family attachment. At that time I had several brothers and sisters, but they all died early, for we had few comforts for the sickly. Through an old friend of my father, who was seeking a clerk with a knowledge of English for a publisher at Leipzig, I got my first start in the world. I boarded with a family of our faith, but far more lax in its observances than my own people, and insensibly followed their lead. During six years of hard application I made myself so useful to my master that I rose rapidly, and was then taken into his house as private secretary. Here I was introduced to his large circle of friends and acquaintances, and here were sown the first seeds of rebellion against my Hebrew birthright of restrictions and disabilities. As there was nothing distinctively Jewish in my appearance, my faith was often unknown to the company. With most of these I mixed on terms of equality, and man against man held my own against the best of them. But where known as a Jew I was socially ignored, even treated with contumely: sometimes by the very persons who were most ready to avail themselves of my services.

For you, with your different bringing up, professing a faith that you glory in, and that glorifies you, it must be impossible to picture the effect of this contrast on a sensitive, lowly born, ambitious youth, or to measure his temptation to avoid prejudice by dissimulation. The Jew as a political factor, a commercial factor, a social factor, was constantly being discussed in my presence. Even now, as I write this, after a chequered life which should have hardened me, I, a man of the world, practised in looks that lie and lips that deceive, tremble and sweat and turn sick as I recall how I trembled, and sweated, and sickened with apprehension lest the dreaded subject should arise and betray me. It seems trivial now, but I can recall nothing in after-life to equal the agony of doubt that used to assail me as to the right moment for disclosure. To confess my race prematurely was an unnecessary sacrifice, for the talk might drift to other subjects; to delay too long added to the damning fact of my being a Jew the merited reproach of want of candour in concealing it. Remember—what was burnt into my very soul on numberless occasions—that a life of self-denial, honest industry, uprightness, unselfishness, availed nothing in the Germany of those days to the despised Hebrew; he was, and could be, neither more nor less than a Jew, a dog of a Jew, a social pariah, outside the pale of a civilised Christendom which ranked intolerance foremost among Christian virtues. But though undesirous of proclaiming my religion, I never denied it if challenged, and adhered to its practices, though less rigidly than in boyhood. When I was little over twenty-one I fell in love with your sainted mother, Rachel Levinstein. She was an orphan, and after four years' betrothal we married with the full consent of our relatives. As my salary was inadequate for the expense of a household, I welcomed the offer of a more lucrative post in New York, where my master had an agency, and migrated there. There you were born, and your twin sisters, Zipporah and Leah, followed about a year after. Your mother never recovered the trial of the confinement. She is buried in the Jewish Cemetery near New York. May the God of Israel rest her soul!

I had hoped to find in a new republic, professedly democratic, supposed to offer to every man the opportunity of rising from the lowest to the highest rank, a larger tolerance for my co-religionists than in an old country, fettered by tradition and dominated by class prejudices and narrow political expediency. I was speedily undeceived. Though my position in New York was a good one, enabling me to live in comfort, and even with elegance, I found the doors of society slammed against us no less emphatically than in the Fatherland. It may be different now, but I am speaking of many years ago. With your mother by me, a happy, companionable life at home and a hardworking one abroad kept me resigned, however dissatisfied. But after her death the cruel injustice of it all began to oppress me. Possibly the brooding over my wrongs had made me hypersensitive and sometimes led me to imagine insults that were never intended. But, imaginary or not, they haunted me day and night to the point of torture. I knew of little in which I did not equal my scorners, and of much wherein I surpassed them. My girls were as fair and well-mannered as their daughters, and likely to be far better educated. Why should they be brought up to suffer, as I had suffered, from the undeserved contempt of the Gentile? Then I resolved, though not without heart-pangs and strugglings of the spirit—for I held my old parents at home in as great love and reverence as ever—that I would meet contempt with guile, and as we could not grip fairly under present conditions, God-made man with God-made man, that I would use counterfeit means to force for my children and myself the coveted entrance.

For this money was needful, and I schemed to acquire it. Sooner or later a Jew always comes to speculation and finance. His commercial faculty may

trifle with this or that as a pastime, but its true function is breeding money out of money by brains. I soon proved my aptitude on the bourse and exchange, and, beginning in a small and cautious way, saw my capital increase until I was able to take a share in a big 'deal,' that left me a wealthy man. It was then that in pursuance of my resolve I prepared to migrate once more, and commence a new career unfettered by the past, with its social disabilities and contemptible rewards. You were just five years old and brought up with your sisters in strict Jewish fashion. England was the country I chose, partly because I was unknown there, and partly because in England pre-eminently wealth and respectability can achieve social success. I called myself a financial agent, and having command of abundant capital did also a large business in loans and bill discounting. At the same time I changed my name to Maurice Bramson, and those of you children to your present ones. Together with these labels I discarded all the old religious practices, and though never relinquishing my Jewish faith, conformed to that established by English law, and had you all educated as Christians. During my residence in America I had caught their tricks of speech, and in the absence of pronounced Jewish or German characteristics readily passed for an American. To my parents alone I continued to be Moses Abramsohn. May God forgive me my deceit towards them, and set off against it the comfort and happiness which I was enabled—surely not without the exercise of something praiseworthy—to procure for their old age. You will remember that every year my business took me abroad for a week. That week I spent in Frankfurt at the old home, celebrating our great Day of Atonement—*Yom Kippur*—in the old *Shool* with the old parents. A false beard and spectacles protected me from recognition. Then I returned, with my father's blessing ringing in my ears and proud of his pride in me, to my Christian home, habits, daughters, name. Your sisters married well, and I dowered them well. My child, can you understand now how impossible your marriage with Bernard Hoffmann was? He was, he told me, related to the Hoffmanns of Frankfurt. Israel, like Israel's God, is one. The toil of a lifetime would have been vain; the temple that I had reared with such costly labour would have been destroyed, its builder buried in the ruins. Discovery must have come. I dared not face it. Your sisters unbaptized, the daughters of a German Jew; one married to a dignitary of the Church, one into an orthodox and respected county family. I dared not face it. Will not your reason absolve me from cruelty in preventing such a catastrophe: gratitude for the position I have made for you extenuate, if it cannot justify, my cowardice?

But at the last I could not face the God of my fathers with a lie on my lips, though He knew that my heart was pure and my faith in His unity unshaken. No; I could not appear in His presence professing to be anything but a son of Israel, initiated at birth in the covenant of Abraham, called at Barnitzvah to my sacred heritage, married under the Canopy, dying as I was born, a Jew. Nor could I dispose of my possessions except as a good Jew should: making provision for his parents, whom he is bound by the law of Moses to honour; for communal charities to benefit his poorer brethren in Israel; and for a last resting-place among his co-religionists.

May the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, turn your heart to water, dear, when you read your dead father's prayer, and incline it to pity and forgiveness. Amen.

How far Marian's heart responded to this last touching appeal may be doubted. By nature she was no more prone to facile sympathy than to facile love. Sympathy, when not mere senti-

mentalism, demands a vivid imagination, and this belongs to an emotional rather than a logical temperament. It springs from the heart, not the head. But tenderness of the heart has its mental analogue in mercy; the disposition that tempers justice by invoking every circumstance that can mitigate or excuse. Hard as it was for Marian to realise how her father's character would shape itself under influences which would have affected her stronger one so differently, it was this quality of mercy that softened the judgment which naturally followed a purely logical summing up of her father's case. She sought to find as an excuse for his apostasy what *in foro justitiae* would be 'reasonable provocation' or 'extenuating circumstances.' Was not his spiritual suicide (for thus his conduct presented itself to her eyes, notwithstanding the mental reservations that accompanied it) no felony, but death by misadventure, or wrought through unsoundness of mind: his murder of her own prospective happiness a justifiable act committed in self-defence? Would not the doubt warrant a verdict of 'not proven' instead of a conviction? If Marian's thoughts phrased themselves in no such precise terminology, their trend may fairly be thus indicated. Nor could filial gratitude and the pathos of a father's recent death fail to influence in some measure the least emotional of daughters.

Maurice Bramson was a curious amalgam of strength and weakness; that she had known ever since the traditional reverence of the child had merged in the criticism of the mature observer. In the self-confidence that springs from self-reliance, early practised and frequently proved, he was strong. That was the secret of his successful career, from the Jew boy of the Ghetto shop to the wealthy philanthropist of his life's close. Where, as in the commercial world, he mixed with men on equal terms he was self-respecting and self-sufficing: his judgment unwarped by sentiment, his purpose persevered in, despite the attempts of interested flatterers, or less honourable adventurers, to divert him from it. In the City he enjoyed a position that was partly the result, and partly the cause, of his best qualities; the respect in which he was held gave strength and stability to a character naturally deficient in them. But, business over, the weakness of a man sensitive, vain, and wanting in dignity and control, asserted itself. Possibly, too, the consciousness of his humble origin, and the insurgence of self-respect against the duplicity of his life, disturbed his moral equipoise. Flattery, coarse and crude, he swallowed greedily;

compliments to his good looks, his youthful appearance, the beauty of his appointments, his critical judgments on subjects of which he had scanty knowledge, he enjoyed with feminine gusto. While he cringed to rank and power, he was assertive among equals, dictatorial and arbitrary to inferiors. His two younger daughters he regarded as fools, loved and domineered over, until their marriage brought them independence. Towards Marian his attitude had always been different. He deferred to her judgment, feared her caustic wit, and was proud of her beauty and capacity. Before her quiet self-possession and cold, dispassionate observation his weak petulance and vanity grew shamefaced, and rarely obtruded themselves. Possibly their mutual affection had grown to be more one of habit than sympathy; certainly neither indulged in, or expected, any overt expression of it. But it had a real existence, and Marian's knowledge of her father's weaknesses affected little her regret for his death.

The first concern of a practical woman of thirty-four, suddenly freed from an obstacle to her life's happiness, would naturally seem to be how to grasp the opportunity and be happy. It was six years since Marian had seen or heard of Bernard Hoffmann. What might not have happened in the interval? Though her own loyalty to the past was beyond question, she was too much a woman of the world to indulge in equal certainty respecting her lover's. In her ignorance of his constancy she seemed helpless. But she had arrived at an age which no longer admits that everything comes to her that waits; cannot let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.' If anything had to be done, Marian saw that it would have to be done quickly.

The most practicable plan, and that by which a too forward step would most readily be retrieved, appeared to be to write to Bernard at Leipzig, stating the bare fact of her loss, and asking him to call on her at the earliest opportunity. The answer would satisfy her doubts. In his 'to come or not to come' she would read her 'to be or not to be.' If he came, she might venture to declare the constancy of her affection without risk to her self-respect. Her father's true faith and the possession of a large independent fortune might be disclosed later. They certainly made for success rather than failure. The only crumb of comfort in the miserable secret avowed by the '*Apologia*' lay in its proof of the common bond of race between her and her lover. And the money—well, money is not always 'the bane of bliss and source

of woe,' but will often grease the wheels of circumstance. At any rate, it rarely retards them.

In marrying a Jew Marian had no fear of the social ostracism that had led to her father's pseudo-apostasy. Among her friends she numbered several Hebrews, who differed so little from those of her own faith that she could not picture them as excluded from any society of equal rank. The intolerance from which her father had fled in Germany and America would never, she believed, have assailed him in England. And she did not doubt that if her husband's career made a German home imperative, the influence of her wealth, English nurture, and Christian faith would swamp any prejudice which might still cling to the name and race of Hoffmann.

So the next day saw a letter, briefly and unemotionally worded, in accordance with her resolve, despatched to Professor Hoffmann at Leipzig.

IV.

No one who during the following week encountered the calm and capable executrix, apparently engrossed in the administration of her father's estate, could have guessed the intensity of apprehension with which Marian awaited an answer to her letter. Though not belonging to that large class of women whose joys are halved and sorrows doubled unless shared with others, and peculiarly averse to inviting or reposing sentimental confidences, she seemed during this lonely period of suspense, spent in the exclusive possession of a secret so momentous, to realise the isolation that threatened her future if unshared with Bernard. From her superiority in age and capacity she had occupied a mother's place towards the other girls, and their connection had thus been deprived of much sisterly intimacy. Since their marriages both Leila and Sarah had seen little of her, either because their small natures cherished resentment rather than gratitude for the restrictions of her quasi-maternal rule, or from the engrossment of their limited faculties in housewifely occupations. But she knew that if they had been unhappy or disappointed in their married lives, it was to her that they would naturally have turned; and this very independence of her, and their absorption by husbands and children, did more to accentuate the contrast of her love-lorn spinsterhood than any actual loss of familiar intercourse.

Even before an answer to her communication was possible

it was with inward tremor and palpitating heart that the outwardly composed woman searched through her morning's correspondence for a foreign letter. Its unexplained delay filled her with the gloomiest foreboding. The very strangeness of this feeling to one who prided herself on her aversion to discounting possibilities contributed in no small degree to its poignancy. To find herself a self-alarmist was too unnatural a phenomenon not to demand some abnormal, almost some supernatural, explanation. Marian, for the first time in her life, felt oppressed by a presentiment of evil, encompassed by a shadow of vague may-bes, that deepened proportionately to her endeavours to dispel it. That Bernard must be grievously ill or dead seemed to be the most natural conclusion. Of that other possibility, his marriage, Marian would not allow herself to formulate the thought; though deep down, on the other side, as it were, of formulated thought the reasonableness of such a course involuntarily suggested itself. In her innermost consciousness she felt that this man's nature, so strenuous, so nobly conscious of its powers, would never suffer any personal consideration to blight, or even sensibly retard, his life's devotion to science and philanthropy. The deeper his love for her, the greater his appreciation of duty in sacrificing it for public ends. Science was his lawful wife long before he had met her; she, and the woman who might supplant her, alike were merely as patriarchal handmaids in the Scriptural sense. And yet even to be the favourite handmaid of such a man would satisfy her. She would not admit to herself that it could happen otherwise.

When at length the answer arrived, it was dated from Tunbridge Wells, and signed 'Sister Edith.' Professor Hoffmann (the nurse said) had been threatened with blindness, and had come to England for an operation. The result was still uncertain, as he had to be kept in a dark room. His general health was good. He wished Miss Bramson to be informed of his deep sympathy with her, and all who were in distress, and of the reason that prevented his accepting for the present her amiable invitation to call. In the existing state of his eyesight communication by letter was obviously impossible.

From the relief that Marian experienced on reading this far from cheerful communication may be gathered the strain of her anxiety during the preceding period of suspense. Bernard was alive; Bernard was unmarried. The former was absolutely, the latter inferentially, clear. That he was helpless, afflicted, doomed,

possibly, to live with wings clipped and a ruined career, seemed by comparison endurable evils. The greater his need of her, the more readily he might accept her help, her devotion ; what he might consider—not unnaturally, she admitted to herself, having regard to all the circumstances—her sacrifice. There was comfort to her in the thought. Apparent misfortune was often blessing in disguise. Might not this disaster prove to be such ? Clearly, she could not wait now for a visit to furnish a criterion of his loyalty. His message had not disclosed, as it might easily have done, an intention to decline her invitation. On the contrary, it had given his illness as a reason for not coming. This was encouraging, so far as it went. His vague expression of sympathy in her loss was not inconsistent with appreciation of its importance to himself. And he had written with another's hand.

She felt that she must see him. Now that he was alone, depressed, and in darkness was the most opportune time for her presence. It was also the time to find him most receptive of favourable influences. Hers should be the hand to lead him out of the Slough of Despond. It was but Christian charity to do this, even if nothing further came of it.

A few days later Marian set forth from her hotel at Tunbridge Wells to call on Bernard Hoffmann. The address on the Sister's letter led her to a trim house situated near the common, which the reek of disinfectants, as she entered at the maid's invitation, proclaimed a nursing home. Her message that a lady wished to speak to Sister Edith was speedily answered by the appearance of a pleasant-faced woman in nurse's uniform, to whom she introduced herself as an old friend of the Professor, and the writer of the letter to which the Sister had replied. To her inquiry whether the patient saw visitors the nurse answered that no visitors had come. The Professor was kept in absolute darkness, and occupied himself chiefly in chess problems with the aid of a special board adapted for the blind. But there was no reason why he should not see Miss Bramson if he wished to do so. He was very depressed at times, and anything that would divert his thoughts was most desirable. But he was weak and easily tired. The blindness, she explained, was due to glaucoma which had been operated on, but whether effectually or not could not be ascertained for some time. The oculists were not sanguine of a complete cure, though the sight of one eye might eventually be retained. She would tell the Professor that Miss Bramson wished to see him.

No sooner had the door closed on the nurse than Marian felt the resolution that had prompted her to visit Bernard suddenly ebb, leaving her stranded on an unknown shore of doubt, exposed to the tempest of her own conflicting emotions. Why had she come? To have received him at home would have been different. Desire to obliterate the unpleasantness associated with the past, and mark the advent of her independence by welcoming him as her guest, would, like the prelude to a musical composition, have suggested the theme of what was to follow, and caused the introduction of the subject nearest her heart, and of such of the recent events as made in its favour, to ensue naturally and fluently. Now a *motive* for her present action had to be extemporised. Christian charity, that had sounded so sweetly simple in the composer's armchair, was, she felt, inadequate for the complex structure sought to be imposed upon it; mere friendship, after its tragic interruption for six eventful years, too commonplace to deceive such an intelligence as Bernard's. The forward step, which in the interest of her self-respect she had sought to avoid, seemed now to have been taken in this uninvited, possibly unwelcome, visit. Of course it was still in his power to refuse to see her, but such a refusal from a sick man, probably suffering, and morbidly sensitive to his physical disabilities, would be robbed of its significance; whereas, if he had declined her first overtures with some merely conventional excuse, the inference as to his changed feelings would have been conclusive.

Involuntarily the woman rose, and, standing before the mirror, scanned anxiously the face reflected there for traces of the agitation by which she was tortured. The very action increased her self-doubt. For her, Marian Bramson, to suspect her countenance of betraying emotions that she wished to hide seemed subversive of the first law of her being. Thank Heaven that self-command was with her involuntary, self-control a second nature. The slightly enhanced pallor, some paltry tension of the facial muscles, were changes imperceptible except to a skilled observer. She could hardly believe that that calm, impassive face and the painfully beating heart within owned the same woman as mistress.

Then, with a grim, unmirthful smile, she recollected. What meaning had faces for a blind man? He could as well discern through her bosom the unwonted torment of her heart. Folly upon folly. No; it was her voice that must be steady, and her speech circumspect.

She turned at the nurse's step. Professor Hoffmann would see her. Did the lady speak German?

'Certainly,' Marian answered. 'But the Professor is a good English scholar, I believe.'

'Yes; but he is out of practice. His own language requires less thought, and exhausts him less. Will you come this way, madam?'

Marian followed her guide upstairs with a step whose firmness belied the halting courage within. The nurse raised a heavy curtain suspended over an archway on the first floor, and motioning to her companion to pass within, let it fall behind them. Then, opening a door in front sufficiently to allow of their entrance, and taking Marian by the hand, she led her beneath an inner curtain into a room from which every ray of light was excluded.

'Here, on your right hand, you will find a chair,' she said, as they groped their way for a few yards together. 'There is a table in front. Professor Hoffmann is lying down on the other side of it. I will leave you now. Ten minutes, please.'

'It is very amiable of you to come to me,' a voice said in German from out the darkness. 'I would have come to you had I been able. Your letter told me that you had lost your father, and wished to see me. And now, alas! you cannot even do that. But you will make allowance for my affliction and tell me how I can serve you. Though poor comfort to you, it is something for me to hear that there is still a world beyond this void, even if the burden of the message be death and sorrow.'

Could that be the old beloved voice? Deep and full still in its diminished volume, but beggared of all its buoyancy, its cheery resonance, with a hopeless, helpless plaint in it that struck chill on Marian's heart. Across the gulf of time, the six long years of absence, flew the winged words of her lover's impassioned speech: 'Love existed before Christ; surely your Christ was the apostle of love, its champion, not its destroyer.' And, touched with a great pity, she involuntarily stretched out her hands towards him through the darkness, as though yearning to comfort and caress.

'I was in the neighbourhood,' she replied in a quiet, even tone, 'and thought that you might like to see—to have—me for a little, as you were alone. I won't weary you with my troubles now that you are in pain and distress, unless they help you to forget your own.'

'It is kind and good of you to say that, but my troubles are not to be forgotten readily. On the great blackboard, ever before

my eyes, I see them blazoned in letters of fire that pierce my brain till I could shriek like a damned soul in torment. Light is life, darkness is death; and then good-bye to everything—work, ambition, success, love—all.’

‘Not love,’ breathed Marian to herself. Then added, almost pleadingly :

‘There are those who care for you. These will not fail in your trouble. If you can find any comfort in their society, tell them so. People often want to be of service to the sick, but are shy of intruding, especially on intimates, who may fear to offend by denying themselves. What springs from delicacy is often set down to want of thought, or want of feeling, just for need of a little frankness on both sides. Don’t you think so?’

‘Only memory—memory that carries the curse of “might-have-been,”’ he continued as though she had not spoken, ‘and a hulking body with awkward, blundering arms and misguiding legs. But I do wrong to talk to you like this. You need comfort—you too, *nicht wahr?*’

‘My sorrows are small in comparison with yours, and—and—apart from yours. Surely memory is a blessing as well as a curse. You recall “have-beens,” too, that are beautiful in themselves. There must have been happy moments in your past that you would not willingly lose—remembrance of kind acts done, of kind words spoken, of gratitude, and—and—affection that you have earned and delighted in. And your scientific discoveries—think; is it nothing to have sown so beneficent a harvest, even if you knew for certain that yours would not be the hand to reap it? But the doctors are hopeful that your sight will be restored. You will be able to dictate soon.’

‘Dictation cannot help the experimental chemist. For him every sense must be edged like a blade—eye, ear, touch, smell, sensitiveness of feeling. You cannot translate into words the minute distinctions of colour and density, of graduation and blending. No; sooner than blunder with inefficient tools I would prefer to lie here and weave chess problems for myself to solve. At any rate they do no harm. But our time is short; you wished to ask something—my advice perhaps?’

‘I wanted to tell you that when my father died I had a great surprise. In his will he avowed himself a Jew.’

‘So. Naturally I cannot condole with you there. I too am an Israelite. Why should he not be?’

'Why not? Can you ask? You? His Christian life was one constant living lie.'

'Because he concealed his faith from the world?'

'From the world, from his friends, from his children.'

'Yes. It is rare nowadays. It sounds like Spain after the Inquisition. And the reason?'

'He was ambitious of social position. When he was a young man, in Germany and America, the prejudice against Jews was strong. It was partly for his children's sake. As Christians they could succeed——'

'But how does this affect you? He is dead. You are a Christian?'

'He behaved very badly to you,' she replied, with unwonted heat. 'He denied you the house—you, Bernard Hoffmann—and it was because you were a Jew.'

'Ah! I understand now. You confuse me with my cousin, likewise a Professor Hoffmann of Leipzig. *Ein Mechaniker*, the dear Bernard. I *Chemiker*. My name is Karl.'

After a few moments of silence he added:

'You knew Bernard when he was in England, *nicht wahr*? He has gone to South Africa with his wife on a special investigation connected with the gold mines. There is a great future for him. He can see more than most. See! *Ach, Gott!* You knew him. Well, perhaps?'

'Yes, I knew him well.' The voice had calmed down; the tone rang true. 'But much happens in six years. I thought that I should like to tell him about my father myself. Your cousin is well and happy?'

'Both when we heard last. Who is there? Ah! you, nurse. She will only allow me ten minutes' talk at a time, because I excite myself. Good-bye, dear lady, and grateful thanks.'

'I am ready, nurse. I leave Tunbridge Wells to-day, but will come again, if I may. Good-bye!'

As she emerged from the heavy drapings of the entrance on to the sunlit landing she halted for a few seconds with closed eyes.

'One minute, nurse,' she pleaded. 'The light is so dazzling after that black, black room. These are the banisters? Thank you, I am all right now. Don't come down. Good-bye.'

The staircase was in pleasant shade. But the eyes of the descending woman remained closed. The light was still too strong.

W. CLINTON ELLIS.

THE KING'S SPANISH REGIMENT.

NINE regiments of the Spanish army of to-day are recognised as the direct descendants of the famous 'tercios' of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Four of them claim that the root of their genealogical tree was planted in 1535, and by the Emperor Charles V. One, 'Africa,' formerly known as 'Sicily,' has claimed to be 'immemorial': that is, to have existed since a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Yet all pedigrees, whether of nobles or of regiments, have been the sport of flatterers, of heralds more audacious than honest, and of family pride more pardonable than critical. There are doubts as to the filiation of several of these corps, and some complacence is required to supply links in the chain of descent, where the conclusive testimony of documents is wanting. One of them is above reproach, and it is 'Zamora,' the regiment whereof King Edward VII. is colonel. 'Zamora' is 'hidalgo de solar conocido'—a gentleman of a known house. It was born on April 30, 1580; its certificate of birth is matter of record; and through all the depths of the years, and the changes of things, it has never lost its regimental personality. Three hundred and twenty-five years is a long regimental life—nearly as long as the whole existence of modern standing armies—while the changes have been many and diverse.

'Zamora' was raised for the conquest of Portugal by Philip II., mostly in Castile, and in the country round the Leonese town whose name it bears. You must not call it the regiment of Zamora. That would be as inaccurate as to speak of H.M.S. cruiser of 'Kent,' and not *the* 'Kent.' It bears a baptismal name, not a territorial designation. Both as old *tercio* and as modern regiment it has borne various titles. In the beginning it was called the *tercio* of Bovadilla, or Bobadilla (for 'b' and 'v' are very similar in Spanish pronunciation, and interchangeable in spelling), from its first *Maestre de Campo*, Don Francisco de Bovadilla. It is also spoken of as the *tercio* of the Azores, for it saw service, at the outset, in the expedition against the Portuguese commanded by Don Alvaro de Bazan, Marquis of Santa Cruz, who was to have led the Armada. The question how a *tercio* differed from a regiment may suggest itself to

the English reader, and should be answered at this point. 'Tercio' was simply the Spanish for a regiment, and the use of the modern term was a concession to the French influences brought in by the Bourbon dynasty in 1700. The origin of the ancient name is obscure. Some have supposed that it meant a legion of three thousand men; but, as Don Antonio Cánovas has pointed out, 'tercio' was never synonymous in Castilian with 'tres.' It meant a third part. The word came to be used, one supposes, because the infantry corps of the Spanish army in the days of the Great Captain, Gonsalvo de Cordoba, and of Charles V., were composed of men armed in three different ways. When the Spaniards began to take a share in the wars of Italy at the end of the fifteenth century, their foot-soldiers were either crossbowmen or arquebusiers, or were sword-and-buckler men. The Great Captain saw the necessity for the use of the pike to repel cavalry, and to meet the Swiss. Its introduction was also advocated by one Gonzalo Ayora, who had served with the Sforzas at Milan, and had seen the Swiss foot. Ayora had a share in the organisation of the Spanish Militia in 1495, and was a thoughtful military gentleman not unlike Captain Fluellen, if we may judge by his letters, still preserved and now made accessible in the useful Spanish library of Rivadeneyra. The *tercio*, then, in all likelihood was formed of swordsmen, pikemen, and arquebusiers, in its early stages. The sword soon became a secondary weapon common to the pikes and the shot, and the *tercio* was composed of these two elements. But the shot were subdivided into the musketeers and the arquebusiers. The musketeers carried a small cannon five feet long, and fired bullets of eight or ten to the pound, from a rest or 'fork' four feet high. The arquebus was lighter and could be fired from the shoulder. So *tercio*, 'the armed in three ways,' continued to be an accurate term. It might have been applied with no less accuracy to a corps divided into three battalions, but when the pike was given up in favour of the bayonet—when, in fact, the pikeman and musketeer became one—the French influence was in the ascendant. The good old Spanish name of *tercio* disappeared, and the French regiment took its place.

These tercios were very memorable corps, superior to any other of their time, and unlike anything the world has seen since, or will see again. They are also the best testimony the Spaniard can produce to his capacity for becoming a good soldier. By nature he is an almost incorrigible guerrillero—a partisan fighter. A great

deal of discipline and a strong moral training are required to make a regular soldier of him. The Duke of Alva, of ferocious memory, who knew his countrymen lock, stock, and barrel, said that the veteran Spanish infantry were the best of the troops of Charles V., but that the Spaniard was of little value till he was a veteran. He was not like the German, who became a useful soldier so soon as he was drilled. The 'old bands,' as the famous tercios were commonly called, gave the Spaniard the needful school. 'Nunca lo bueno fué mucho,' as the wise and melancholy Spanish proverb has it—the good was never much in this fallen world. Twenty or twenty-five thousand men was the total of the native Spanish force maintained by the kings of the Hapsburg dynasty from Naples to Flanders. Few as they were, they were enough. In days when armies were small, and when the field was decided by actual push of pike and stroke of sword, a few thousand veterans could turn the scale. It was the heyday of the veteran professional soldier for whom modern officers may be heard to express no liking. Ninety-nine movements were needed to fire the musket, and twenty-one to handle the pike. The formations were deep and complicated. Years were required to train a complete soldier. When once thoroughly trained he had, over less practised men, the advantage a prize-fighter enjoys in a crowd. And the Spaniards were beyond all question and for long the best of that kind. The old bands were the 'fijos' or fixed garrisons of Naples, Sicily, Milan, or Flanders. Once in the tercio a man was provided more or less sufficiently for life. The ranks were recruited by a species of survival of the fittest—by those of the new levies or volunteers who were tough enough to win through the disease, starvation, and neglect of the military administration of the time, and who were then turned into the hardened cadaster of veterans. The military moral training (I say 'military,' for of the rest the less said the better) was admirable. The Spanish soldier was told that he was the pith of the army, intrinsically a better man than the Italian or German, and bound not only by his allegiance to his native king, but by his personal honour as a 'señor soldado'—a gentleman soldier—to set an example. For a century and a half or more, the Spaniard answered to the appeal. Brantôme has recorded, in his '*Rodomon-tades Espagnoles*,' the prompt answer of the Spanish soldier who on being asked what force the Viceroy had brought to Milan answered, 'Six thousand soldiers—and seven thousand Italians.' He and his countrymen were, in his eyes, the only true 'soldados'

Add that after the recruit became a soldier he was allowed to marry, and was entitled to support for his family : that he knew himself to be hated by the peasantry, who, when they could, would knock him on the head like a wolf with their flails, as they may be seen doing in Callot's drawing : that he had no abiding place out of the ranks of the *tercio* ; and we can form some conception of those corps as artificial tribes of warriors encamped far from their own country, and supported by habit, pride, and the knowledge that on the day of defeat they had the choice between dying with honour in their ranks, or being shamefully butchered by their natural victim, the civilian, if they sought safety in disorderly flight. Therefore they retreated in unbroken order from Ravenna, and therefore they fought it out in their ranks at Rocroi.

On that '*dia aciago*,' that day of bitterness, May 19, 1643, '*Zamora*' was one of the old *tercios* which covered the fall of the Spanish infantry from its pride of place with honour, and made the name of Rocroi memorable. By then, however, it had already sixty years of service in Flanders behind it, and there were sixty more to come. In 1582 it had sailed with Don Alvaro de Bazan to expel Dom Antonio, Prior of Ocrato, the unfortunate competitor of Philip II. for the throne of Portugal, from Terceira. It took part in the sea-fight between Bazan and the Prior, and to it was entrusted the grim task of executing such Portuguese partisans and French friends of Dom Antonio as had the misfortune to fall alive into the hands of Bazan. The gentlemen were beheaded, and the common men were hanged, in a hollow square of '*Zamora*.' It was a grim incident of the wars of the time when it pleased the victorious general that they should be '*bad*': *i.e.* without quarter. Lord Grey's execution of the Italians and Spaniards at the fort Del Oro at Smerwick was just such another, with the difference that he spared the officers who could pay ransom, and killed only the common men. Don Alvaro made no distinction save that he gave the gentleman the gentlemanly axe, and not the plebeian rope. His ferocity (to the gentry) was too much for Brantôme, whose friends were among the slain, and though he was not squeamish and could describe the murder of a pursy citizen by a dashing courtier with a chuckle of humour, he could not find it in his heart to speak of Bazan among the other great captains. He says so—and yet he rather admired the Algerine pirate-king Barbarossa. From the emotion of Brantôme we may learn the enormity of not respecting persons.

In 1585 'Zamora' marched to Flanders, landing at Velletri in Italy, and taking the road through the Valtelline, and the ecclesiastical States of Germany, the so-called Bishops' Road. In Flanders it was destined to remain till 1714—one hundred and twenty years of service in the cockpit of Europe. During that long period it saw a revolution in politics and in warfare. Spain fell from the leadership of Europe to be the victim, and then all but the confessed vassal, of France. In war great organised national armies—the creation of Louis XIV. and his Ministers—replaced the small hosts of honourable cavaliers following the noble profession of arms, and of professional soldiers of all nations, who fought the campaigns of the sixteenth and the early seventeenth centuries.

It was known under Parma as the departmental *tercio* of Holland, and strove with the Dutch up to its knees in water in the island of Bommel. Here it found its heavenly patron in strange fashion. One day the tide was overflowing the encampment, and drowning seemed not far off. Pikemen and musketeers were strenuously building a dyke, with small hope of success, when one of the soldiers found a medal bearing the symbol of the Immaculate Conception in a lump of mud. This discovery (perhaps we ought to say, in correct ecclesiastical language, this 'invention') looked to be of good augury. They went to work with revived confidence, and shortly the flood abated. The 'yellow-jerkined pikemen of Spain' (who, as a matter of fact, wore no uniform and dressed much in black) were nothing if not pious, and 'Zamora' avowed henceforth a peculiar devotion to the Immaculate Conception.

Orthodox in creed and valiant in the field, the *tercio* took its full share of the weary Low Country wars of sieges, reliefs, convoys, and entrenched camps. It had a change which must have been welcome when Parma led it into France to fight Henry IV. Then it had an interlude of long swift marches, bold far-reaching movements, and such dashing episodes as the surprise of Amiens. But as a rule the Low Country wars were all siege and entrenched camp. The Dutch paid their men, who were mostly foreigners, English, Scotch, and German, well. So they were not minded to risk their soldiers, seeing that such men were difficult to replace, and as they could maintain one army only in the field at a time they could not lightly expose it to the hazard of destruction, which would have entailed the ruin of the republic. The Spanish Government, always at its wits' end for money, found it hard to get soldiers, and still harder to keep them from mutiny. Therefore the generals

of the Catholic King avoided battles wherein even victory might cost them more than they could afford. Under the heading of mutiny there would be much to be said. When the pay became insufferably in arrear, the soldiers of Kings Philip II., III. and IV. had an established method of righting themselves. They struck, and, as a man must live, they provided for their subsistence by seizing a portion of His Majesty's dominions, and levying a rate upon it. Appeals, threats, denunciations, excommunication had no effect. It is better for a man, said the Great Captain, to be in the midst of a thousand devils broken loose than in a mutiny of Spanish soldiers. Such passages as the 'Fury' at Antwerp, which, however, happened while 'Zamora' as yet was not, bear him out. It was a cold, orderly, unspeakably ferocious sack of a wealthy trading town by mutineers. The Spaniards' chief political merit is a capacity for making 'juntas,' committees which in times of disturbance conduct the business of government with a very respectable degree of competence. If the egotism of reference to a personal experience is permissible, I would venture to tell the reader that I have lived under the authority of many more than one, and have never observed that they were in any wise inferior to the regular government, which indeed they excel in a certain faculty for prompt decision. The Spanish mutineer made a junta and obeyed it punctually. He taught the art to his Italian and German colleagues, who indeed needed little teaching. Their order rooted in disorder stood, but it was efficient for its immediate purpose, and the mutineers could fairly call themselves, as they occasionally did, republics. The Fury of Antwerp was an exceptionally bad business. In a general way the mutineers were content to seize towns, and fleece the inhabitants on a carefully fixed scale. In the meantime they obeyed their junta and issued humorous pamphlets in answer to the paper fulminations of the governor. The Spanish soldier of the great time, as we know, was 'tam Mercurio quam Marte.' Agostin de Rojas, author of the 'Viage Entretenido,' which was the model of Scarron's 'Roman Comique,' trailed the puissant pike in Flanders.

'Zamora' was in the middle of one of these commotions when Maurice of Nassau, being sent against his will on a very rash venture to the coast of Flanders, threatened Nieuwpoort in 1600. The tercio answered to the appeal made to its honour by the Archduke Albert and his wife, the Infanta Eugenia, daughter of Philip II., governors of the Low Countries. It put the base question of money aside,

and marched stoutly to oblige a lady and serve the Catholic cause. Three times it charged the well-entrenched position of Sir Francis Vere with his Englishmen and Frisians. It had to flounder through deep hot sand after a forced march, and as the English and Frisians were veterans also, it failed. Don Luis del Villar, its Maestre de Campo, fell at its head, and it suffered heavily in the defeat which saved Maurice of Nassau and his army from destruction. When reinforcements came from Spain along 'the Bishops' Road' from Italy through Germany (the English and Dutch skippers took care they did not come by sea) the ranks of the *tercio* were again filled, and it went back to the war of sieges.

Of all the sieges of the Low Country wars the longest, the most costly in life and money, the most wonderful to consider as an operation of war, was the siege of Ostend. It lasted for some four years. On the most moderate computation sixty thousand men died in and about the town during that time. One wonders, rather idly, whether half that number of men spent on the principles of Gustavus Adolphus and Napoleon would not have settled the whole Low Country war in a campaign at an incomparably smaller outlay of money. It is really an idle question because neither party could have maintained an army capable of standing such loss in one year. They could only keep up small forces which wasted rapidly in trench and breach, more by disease than the sword, and were replaced by the unfailing stream of volunteers who came to the Netherland charnel-house from England, Scotland, Ireland, Friesland, the Walloon country, Germany, France, Spain and Italy. The Europeans of those days put less store on their lives than we in ours. Ostend gave them ample employment, for the Dutch who held it could relieve the garrison constantly from the sea, and Spinola, the general of the Catholic King, who made his reputation by taking it, had to capture the place inch by inch with sap and mine. Ambrose Spinola we know, for he is the central figure of the 'Lances' of Velasquez—painted to commemorate his other great siege and capture of Breda in the teeth of Maurice of Nassau, and in 1624, Van Dyck painted him too. Otherwise he is, as Carlyle would have said, fallen very dim to us. Why was he the flower of generals between 1600 and 1630 or so? What battle did he win? He won no battle, nor ever even so much as fought one. He was the flower of generals because he was a *Poliorettes*, or taker of cities. There is a queer German print of him wherein his fine Italian head, so nobly done by Velasquez and Van Dyck, may be seen coarsely drawn

and surrounded by the folds of a long garland made up of the names and pictures of the three or four score places he took. There was a fierce spring in Spinola too. With more elbow-room he might have done the great things of war. He deserves his share of honour, but human patience is unequal to the sieges of Ostend and Breda, wherein our *tercio* 'Zamora' was a great part. It lost two *Maestres de Campo*, Durango and Ceballos, at Ostend, where it not only delved and dug, but stormed fiercely, surprising advanced forts by swimming ditches and clambering up unguarded places with its sword in its teeth.

When Spinola was called away to command, and to die, in Italy, evil days had come to stay with the forces of the Catholic King. 'To put a pike in Flanders' had long been a byword in Spain for cost and difficulty even when the Bishops' Road across Germany was open. When Richelieu cut it, the thing could hardly be done at all. Yet men were smuggled in, often in English trading ships, and 'Zamora' lived on. It had its share in the last glories of the siege of Lenz and the rout of the French army of Guiche at Honnecourt. Then it formed part of the solid phalanx which faced the victorious Condé when both wings of Don Francisco de Melo's army had been broken at Rocroi. Tradition said that the old bands died in their ranks, but 'dying in your ranks' is a poetic expression. What it means is that men keep their order, fight manfully, the survivors closing in as their comrades fall, and do not surrender till the dead and wounded exceed the unhurt. The old bands did as much as that. The solid 'battle,' or main body of pikemen flanked by the shot, remained firm when the other parts of the army had fled, their cannon firing from openings in their ranks, and they repelled three attacks. It was not till they had ruined several French regiments, including the Scotch regiment of Hepburn, and had been mowed down by the artillery that they surrendered to Condé who gave them honourable terms. The majority of dead lay in their ranks, and among them the Sergeant-Major-General Fontaine, not a Spaniard but a Franche-Comtois—who, crippled by stone and gout, had been carried into the battle on a chair.

After Rocroi the history of the Spanish forces in Flanders is a long story of decadence. 'Zamora' was reinforced and took part in the wars which went on till 1714. It met Cromwell's redcoats on the Dunes, and suffered nearly as badly as at Rocroi. When the whirligig of time brought about its revenges, and Holland became the ally of Spain against France, it fought under Dutch William

at Seneffe and Namur. Yet another change came when the Bourbon Philip of Anjou was left heir to the last Spanish Hapsburg, and then 'Zamora' served against Marlborough. With a war raging in its own bowels Spain could do less than ever for the remnant in Flanders. The old *tercio* was only a skeleton when it returned home for the first time since 1585 at the Peace of Utrecht.

In Spain it was made up to a three-battalion regiment by the addition of the new regiment 'Zamora' raised during the war of the Spanish Succession, and the independent companies of Mondoñedo and Compostella. It now received the name of 'Zamora' officially, was armed with musket and bayonet, dressed in the white uniform introduced by the Bourbons, wigged, pigtailed, and pipeclayed in the orthodox eighteenth-century style. We need not linger over its history in the eighteenth century. Enough that it did garrison duty at home and in the colonies, or served in the various languid wars in Italy undertaken by the Bourbon kings to put scions of their family in possession of Parma, Plasencia, and Naples. Yet we must not omit to record that 'Zamora' took part in the sea-fight of Toulon in 1744 between the Franco-Spanish fleet of M. de Court and Don José Navarro, and the British fleet of Admiral Mathews, serving, as many of our regiments have done from time to time, in the capacity of marines. It lost one officer, Captain Francisco Morales, and forty-two men.

With the nineteenth century very evil days came to Spain. It had not destroyed its intellect, and made adhesion to forms a duty, by way of barring out heresy, without having to pay the price. But 'Zamora' had at least the consolation of taking a share in one of the most effective and picturesque strokes delivered at Napoleon in all the wars of the time. The regiment had been sent as part of the ten thousand men given as hostages to Napoleon by the wretched Government of Charles IV., and was by him stationed in Jutland. When the Emperor made his grab at Spain in 1808 the Spaniards in Jutland were allowed to know nothing. But news was sent to their commander, the Marquis de la Romana, by the British Government through a Roman Catholic priest named Robertson. He bore with him, as verbal credentials, an emendation to the text of 'The Cid' which Hookham Frere had made in conversation with Romana. The Spanish officer concentrated his men, seized the town of Nyborg in the Danish island of Fünen, and escaped in the squadron of Admiral Keats. Its fortunes in the Peninsular War were those of all the regular army. 'Zamora' fought well in the two days' battle

at Espinosa de los Monteros, and did not break till it was swept away in the flight of the undrilled peasantry who formed the bulk of the army. The Spaniard had lost the intellectual faculty required for the organisation and leading of regular troops. What he did well he did in his indestructible character of defender of cities and guerrillero. He was becoming a valuable soldier again under the Duke, but 'Zamora' had not the good fortune to be present at the battle of San Marcial, which Wellington fought and won with Spaniards only.

Space does not permit, nor does the intrinsic interest of the subject invite, many words on the fortunes of the regiment in all the dreary history of civil commotion and colonial rebellion which make up the liquidation of Spain's bankruptcy. There are few things in military history more dreadful than the fate of the handfuls of Spanish soldiers left to perish in America in the midst of the half-breeds in revolt. 'Zamora' saw the end of Spanish rule in Mexico, and extorted decent treatment from Iturbide. But in 1818 there occurred an event in the history of the regiment which may touch us faintly. 'Hibernia' was drafted into its ranks. That statement may not say much even to the Irish reader. But observe that 'Hibernia' was one of the Irish regiments in the Spanish service. They began with Tyrone in the reign of Philip III., and there have been not a few of them under various names—Hibernia, Irlandia, Ultonia (Ulster), MacAulif (Mahaffy?), Limerick, Waterford. 'Hibernia' passed from the French to the Spanish service in 1709, largely at the suggestion of Higgins, the Irish doctor of Philip V., but also because Louis XIV. found it convenient to help his grandson by allowing his own soldiers to pass to the Spanish establishment. The names of the first officers of 'Hibernia' are on record. Lieutenant-Colonel Ranald MacDonell, Sergeant-Major Peter Aylward, Adjutant Aeneas MacLaine; Alexander MacDonell was lieutenant-colonel of the second battalion. A shield was granted it—namely azure, a harp or, with the words of the 18th Psalm, 4th verse, in the Vulgate, 'In omnem terram exivit sonus eorum,' arranged in orle. The harp of the fighting Irish exile has indeed sounded on many fields and under many flags. By 1818 the Irish name and shield had become mere reminiscences of a vanished past. The exiles who followed Sarsfield from Limerick died out, and though flights of 'wild ducks' were tempted from Ireland to recruit the ranks, and though Roman Catholic Irish gentlemen took service with Spain, the regiment could not be kept up from Irish sources alone. It was first incor-

porated with the Italian regiment of Milan, and was classed as 'foreign.' Then it was filled with Spanish conscripts, and all reason for maintaining its name disappeared. The history of the Peninsular War, and the politics of Spain and South America, bear testimony to the abiding influence of the Irish exiles who officered those vanished regiments.

Revolutionary times are fertile in needless changes, and it was a matter of course that 'Zamora' was divided and numbered with fantastic names in 1820, and again united, and renamed 'Zaragoza' in 1824, but it returned to its proper title in 1828. The function of a Spanish regiment in the nineteenth century was like the famous sword of M. Prudhomme, to defend the constitution, or if necessary to upset it. 'Zamora' was occupied in both ways, but there is this to its credit, that when, after the abdication of Don Amadeo, Spain was threatened with downright anarchy, it contributed part of the small army with which Pavia made an end of the Cantonalists in Andalusia—so that it was on the right side when the epoch of pronunciamientos was drawing to a close, let us hope for ever. And indeed the revival of that form of barbarism, no less mischievous, as it was, than the mutinies of Flanders, and hardly so excusable, would appear to be truly impossible after a cessation of thirty years. The Spanish army has ceased to be a political force, a function perhaps imposed on it by the collapse of ancient institutions of government. When no other authority has any vitality, military discipline provides the best, and certainly the most effective, immediate substitute. But a regiment is at best a makeshift for a lawful monarchy, constitutional or other. Spain has got back to better things, and now 'Zamora' together with other regiments may apply itself to showing that it can produce the equivalent of the military virtues of the old *tercio*—with weapons other than pikes, and muskets five feet long fired from a rest. We know that it appreciates the distinction of having King Edward for its honorary colonel, and is on its honour to make a good appearance when it is reviewed before him, as it soon will be.

DAVID HANNAY.

ANCIENT GARDENING.

THIS is no learned article. Great books have been published upon the theme of ancient gardens, but I do not remember to have met with any of them. My serious studies take another course, and gardening is only an amusement, though a very dear one. In miscellaneous reading, however, I have come across a multitude of 'Things not generally known' which interested or diverted me, and the experience of a journalist strongly suggests that oddities which make one man of sense and humour smile will have the same pleasing effect upon his neighbour. We may begin with the word itself. Not a few perhaps still cherish the illusion that 'garden' is Anglicised from *jardin*. The philologists have exploded that idea long since. The word is pure Teutonic, allied to 'yard,' which survives unchanged in 'orchard'—ort-yard—vegetable garden. But this is elementary; philologists demand the meaning of 'yard.' The Gothic form, *gards*, furnishes a clue, and somehow it proves to mean a place for dancing. Moreover the Latin *hortus* and the old Greek *khortos* have the same significance, as we are told. But Pliny chances to mention that in the Laws of the Twelve Tables, the oldest monument of Latin speech, *hortus* was always used in the sense of 'farm.' That seems curious enough, but it becomes much more remarkable if the word meant a place for dancing. It is circumstantial evidence to confirm the legend of the Golden Age. In that happy era the husbandman danced—with his wife and little ones, we may suppose—and kindly nature did the rest; forthwith the land ploughed itself, the seed sowed itself, and the harvest ripened.

In historic time, however, our forefathers called the garden a *leac-tun* and the gardener a *leac-ward*—keeper of the leeks. This betrays his functions—leeks were so important that they gave him a title. But the bulb which we know by that name was not the one specially indicated. *Erne-leac*, onion, found more favour, but *gar-leac*, garlic, was esteemed above all other food. One often hears people congratulating themselves that this horrible plant is scarcely known in England. They have the more reason to be proud when it was as much loved in this country

as anywhere for ages. At the birth of a child the first operation was putting a clove or a leaf of the abominable thing into his mouth—this to exclude evil spirits. And the taste so implanted grew into a rage. England must have reeked with garlic as does the island of Sardinia now. Besides its fatal fascination as an article of diet the bulb was revered as a defence against witchcraft and the Evil Eye. It is rather curious to note how general was the faith in garlic for these purposes; over a great part of Europe, and perhaps all Asia, it still survives. Three years ago I read in the report of a trial of brigands that sharing garlic, with the proper rites, is the most solemn bond of malefactors in Italy. Alone among the nations, so far as I recall, we have quite broken with the horror. In few gardens even can a plant be found, though the flower is pretty. When did our ancestors make this blessed reform, which, if you think of it, demanded rare self-control? The whole nation had to be persuaded or coerced into dropping the condiment they loved best. Certainly the Normans had no part in the change; one expects to see 'aÿe' mentioned whenever there is an allusion to eating in one of their romances. Every foreign influence upheld garlic, for it was quite as fashionable in palaces abroad as in labourers' huts. The queen of Louis XIV. habitually munched a piece, and a capon stuffed therewith was a standing dish on the king's menu. Can it be that the Puritans effected this great revolution? I have never heard it suggested, but one may think that only a strong religious movement could have brought the people at large to such a general renunciation.

Gardening was practical above all in those early times. But if the poets truly represented popular feeling, flowers, and especially the scent of them, were valued a thousand years ago. That venerable miscellany called 'The Exeter Book' contains several pleasant references to the 'Honey-sweet flowers which at summer tide joyously blow perfume over the lea.' The sweet rose and the bright lily are described as 'dear to mankind.' But the choice was curiously limited. Thomas Wright, who published such a careful analysis of the old vocabularies, found that all which we should think worthy to be called flowers had names derived from the Latin. The English found them in Roman gardens, and they had none of their own to add. A variety of native weeds, pretty enough but inconspicuous, were included among plants in cultivation—they may have been used medicinally. A hundred years after the Conquest Alexander Neckam wrote a treatise on gardening

which was the recognised authority for generations. On one side of his ideal plaisance he recommends roses, lilies, marigolds, molis—whatever that may be, perhaps moly, the wild onion of Southern Europe—and mandrakes. On the other parsley, fennel, southernwood, coriander, smallage, lettuce, sage, hyssop, mint, cresses and peonies. Beds should be introduced containing onions, leaks, garlic, melons and scallions. Cucumbers would ramble about. Melons seem extraordinary under the circumstances. But when the good man comes to describe a 'grand garden' such as kings and great nobles should possess, he is flatly incomprehensible. Among the fruit trees there mentioned are peaches, figs, and almonds, which indeed seem to have been fairly common before his time; besides these, however, we read of pomegranates, oranges, lemons, and dates! But it cannot be supposed that there is an error in the reading of manuscripts edited for the Master of the Rolls. Enthusiastic horticulturists flourished in that era, no doubt. When the Lady Edith, afterwards queen of Henry I., was in hiding at Romsey Abbey, Rufus invited himself to see the garden, which, we are told, was famous; and Edith 'dodged' him among the parterres and trellises, so often represented in illuminations. But a century later John de Garlande gravely reckons nettles, thistles, and fox-gloves among garden plants—only they are to be placed 'at the side.' Again, we may suppose that they were used as herbs, though it might be thought that nettles and thistles could be gathered at every step in those ages. Possibly they improved under cultivation. The resources of science then were even more remarkable in some fields than now. Pliny gives some examples. Would you have white lilies flower purple? Dry the stalks in early autumn and hang them up in smoke. The little knots which we call bulbils will begin to swell in March. Steep them in lees of red wine and plant them out in trenches; when grown they will flower as you wish. But this is an insignificant achievement compared with the triumphs of fruit culture promised by Nicholas Bollarde. Mr. Luther Burbank is styled the 'Wizard of Horticulture' in the United States, but some of his happiest successes were forestalled by this monk of Westminster in the fifteenth century. He told the public of his day how to grow cherries without stones and apples without cores, how to make sour fruits sweet, and to give them what colour you please. Early grapes are still so precious that no undertaking could be found perhaps more certain to yield boundless

wealth than the production of them, unforced, in any European country suitable. But unless Nicholas Bollarde was mistaken it is very easy. Set a young vine beside a cherry tree. When it is well established, bore a hole through the tree at the height most convenient. Pass the vine through it, and pare away all the bark of the portion actually in the hole. Fill up carefully to exclude the air. When that vine is old enough, it will fruit at the same time as the cherry. In this unbelieving age gardeners will object that paring off the bark would certainly kill the leading shoot, which is to perform this miracle; and we must admit that it seems too likely. But the operation would be a pleasant and interesting exercise for the patients of a lunatic asylum. They might also graft a peach on a nut-tree with the expectation that its fruit would contain a toothsome filbert in place of a barren stone. Or they might water a peach-tree with goat's milk three days before it burst into flower, and hope to see it bear pomegranates after that treatment.

As a gardener I felt much satisfaction when the famous statue of Sharrukin, Lord of Agadé and Sumir, turned up, a score of years ago. This venerable personage, who flourished about 3800 B.C., inscribed his own biography upon the pedestal. He bravely confessed himself unable to say who his father was, but his mother was a princess. A baby is not welcome under such circumstances even in the lower classes of society. So young Sharrukin was set afloat in a basket of rushes plastered with bitumen. Now comes the interesting part: 'The river bore me along, to Akki the water-carrier it bore me. Akki the water-carrier, in the goodness of his heart, lifted me, as his own child raised me. He made me his gardener, and as a gardener the goddess Ishtar loved me.' The profession was so firmly established, 4700 years ago, that even a bheesti kept a gardener—and it was so respectable that a goddess did not disdain to love one of the fellowship! That inscription was as good as a pedigree certified by the College of Arms to prove the antiquity of the guild. Later research unfortunately has thrown some doubt on the two main points—the words 'water-carrier' and 'gardener.' On the other hand, if this dated reference be somewhat discredited, the famous Deluge tablets record the existence of gardeners in a mythic era immeasurably more remote. When the hero Galgemish repulses Ishtar's love with scorn, he reminds the goddess how she treated other mortals who yielded to her fascination. Among them was 'Isulanu,

the gardener employed by your father Amu. Every day he brought you costly gifts. He made for you the bright dish from which you eat. But when you grew tired of his love you changed him into a cripple—henceforth he could not rise from his bed.' Were we able to put a date to it, this bit of evidence would be even more satisfactory than the last. It shows that Amu himself, father of the gods, employed a gardener, whose position was such that he could make handsome presents to a lady every day, and even offer her a dish which she continued to use apparently, though 'all was over between them' long ago. There is no question of the meaning of the word 'gardener' here. The man's name is Sisigsig in the Accad version of the same incident, and that signifies 'He who maketh green the living things.' Therefore it is not extravagant to conclude that gardening is the oldest profession recorded.

I have observed no reference to the practical consequences of the transfer of plants and trees so zealously carried on for ages by the conquering monarchs of Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, and even on a smaller scale of Persia. But they must have been important and lasting; doubtless the inhabitants of those countries profit by them to this day where the soil has not reverted to desert. The statement of Tiglath Pileser I. in the middle of the twelfth century B.C. is repeated by his successors to the end, with variations. 'The cedar, the likkarin tree and the almug'—these latter not identified with certainty—'from the countries I have overrun, these trees, which none of the kings my fathers who came before me had known, I took, and in the gardens of my own land I planted. Whatsoever was not in my land I took and I established in the gardens of Assyria.' In the five centuries that elapsed before the downfall of the Empire, half a dozen kings at least left similar inscriptions. From every country which they mastered they brought back such products as seemed useful or desirable. Professor Sayce understands that a 'Botanical Garden' was maintained at Nineveh! It is evident that a multitude of foreign plants and trees must have been acclimatised in Assyria, of which many remain, no doubt. In this proceeding 'the Ancients' set an example which we have only just begun to follow.

But the conquering Pharaohs were equally enthusiastic. The first naval expedition of which authentic details remain is that of Queen Hatatshep or Hashepsu, despatched, about 1600 B.C., to bring a number of the incense-bearing trees from the holy land

of Punt. The wise queen resolved that Egypt should no longer be dependent on 'private enterprise' for the supply of this precious substance. Perhaps, if we knew all the truth, it would appear that rapacious middlemen had made a 'corner' in incense. Henceforth the country should have trees of its own. This was the main object, but it is clear that the admiral had instructions to collect any trees or plants likely to be useful which came in his way. For we have the course of the voyage and its results portrayed upon the walls of the fine temple built by Hashepsu at Thebes, discovered and explored by M. Naville.

An astonishing panorama it is, so astonishing that I must not dwell upon it, because everybody almost has seen the pictures. In the tableau which shows the loading of the galleys for the return voyage we mark young trees ranged on deck in tubs, and they reappear in the procession after the landing at Thebes. A number of baboons accompanied them, and the inscriptions tell of gums, scents, ebony, ivory, gold, emeralds, skins and horns, which the expedition brought back. Besides these, however, flowers and fruits are shown in the bas-reliefs, evidently part of the cargo; so remarkable are some of these that Messrs. Sander or Veitch would send a collector instantly if there were any chance of re-discovering them. Hashepsu informs us that she chose the best perfumes and made cosmetics which 'breathed a heavenly odour and caused the skin to shine like gold and ivory.' The trees she sent to the royal gardens.

Hashepsu's brother and successor, Thothmes III., was the first amateur on record. An inscription at Karnak tells how he ordered an artist to draw 'all sorts of plants and all sorts of flowers from the country of Ta-neter (Holy Land, perhaps Arabia) which the King discovered when he went to the land of Ruthen (Syria), to conquer that land, as his father Amen (the god) had commanded.' The artist himself speaks: 'Whatever the fertile soil brings forth, that have I drawn in the picture to offer it to Father Amen in his temple, as a memorial for all time.' A second inscription runs: 'In the year twenty-five of King Tehutimes (Thothmes) III. May he live for ever! These are the plants which the King found in the land of Ruthen.' Again, one exclaims in contemplating the sculptures, would that such marvels could be found in Syria now! There are water-lilies as large as trees, plants that would certainly be identified as cacti if in America. But some can be recognised; those others were sketched from

description probably. Thothmes himself declares in one place that an offering of four new birds gave him more pleasure than all the loot he won by his conquests. In the extant treaty with the Princes of Ruthen, rare plants are named among the articles of tribute they agree to pay.

Under such zealous patronage Egypt became a land of flowers. Athenaeus, a professor at the University of Alexandria, describes what he saw himself. By reason of the temperate climate, he says, and the fondness of the people for gardening, the soil produces in great abundance, and all the year round, things which you rarely see elsewhere, and then only at certain seasons. 'Roses, white lilies, and numberless other flowers are never wanting in Egypt.' Athenaeus has been describing the coronation ceremonies of Ptolemy Philadelphus, which surely were unmatched in the history of the world for tasteful magnificence, even if they could be equalled for the display of mere wealth. And he proceeds: 'Therefore, though this festival was held in mid-winter, the show of flowers was such as foreigners could not have believed possible. Species of which you would only have found enough to make one chaplet in any other city were so abundant that after providing every guest enough remained to strew the whole floor of the tent thickly, so that it looked like a heavenly mead.' The tent referred to held a hundred and thirty couches in a circle. Mathematicians may calculate its area, but they must make allowance for the passages which attendant slaves would need in serving the banquet and also for a handsome space behind the couches. Elsewhere Athenaeus speaks of a feast given by Cleopatra; the floor of the chamber was buried more than a foot deep in roses; nets were spread over them for convenience in walking. On roses only for this occasion Cleopatra spent a talent—say 220*l.*—and we may be sure she bought them cheap.

Scholars in endless succession have disputed over this account of roses and lilies, and if gardeners have taken no part in the debate it may be because they do not read Athenaeus. I have consulted two eminent authorities, who agree that if American and Japanese species were excluded it would be physically impossible to keep up a supply of lilies the year round, unless by means of 'retardation.' That process has been introduced quite lately, and we may be confident that the Egyptians were not acquainted with it. As for roses, it would be easy at the present day to have them always blooming in a semi-tropical climate.

We possess species from all quarters of the world which have been utilised in endless combinations. But how many species did the Egyptians possess? All those of Europe, no doubt, in the second century A.D., and of Syria, of Persia most likely, of India perhaps; but it can scarcely be assumed that they had the invaluable Chinese stocks. Upon the whole, say these gentlemen, the statement of Athenaeus is flatly impossible with regard to lilies, and very improbable with regard to roses. But they do not impugn his good faith. Every day persons beyond suspicion of conscious falsehood, quite as intelligent as their neighbours, repeat to them such gross exaggerations, and betray such absurd misunderstandings, that, as one declared, they have come to think amateurs capable of 'saying anything' and believing it at the time.

But there is other evidence. Martial refers to roses from Egypt—flowers, not plants. How were they transported fresh to Rome? It seems quite as impossible as blooming white lilies through the year. I cannot but fancy that the Egyptians may have been acquainted with secrets of horticulture which we have still to learn, as are the Chinese at present. Athenaeus speaks of 'the fondness of the people for gardening.' It had been implanted, as we have seen, thousands of years before. Serious horticulture began in modern Europe less than five centuries ago; in this country less than four. It was in the reign of Henry VIII. that William Herbert, Esquire, of Troy House, Monmouth, sent two intelligent lads, Richards and Williams, to France and Flanders to study gardening and to send home flowers, vegetables, and fruit-trees. That was the first real effort, and so successful did it prove that the gardens of Troy House remained famous till the middle of the seventeenth century. An extant letter of Charles I., from the country, begs for some of the pears which Sir William Herbert had been used to send to Windsor; it may be worth while to add that the cockney name, 'Troy House,' refers to the maze, a great attraction of a county gentleman's seat in that era. Threading it was called 'the game of Troy.'

But for all the exertions of men like Herbert, real gardens were not general in England till long afterwards. Hartlib, Milton's friend, wrote in 1649, that the 'art' reached this country about fifty years before. Gerard's 'Herbal' was published in 1597. Old men in Surrey still remembered the arrival of 'the first gardeners' who planted cabbages, cauliflowers, turnips, carrots, parsnips, early peas, and rape; these things had been great rarities hitherto,

imported from Holland. But though they offered an enormous rent, land was obtained with difficulty, because the intelligent squires believed that spade labour would ruin the soil. 'Even now,' Hartlib proceeds, 'gardening is scarcely known in the west or the north, where it might have saved the lives of many poor people who have starved there in the last few years.' Though there was improvement since Elizabeth's day, England still obtained many things from abroad which might as well be grown at home. Onions from Flanders are named especially. 'Even plants which grow wild in the hedgerows are imported, because the English people will not trouble to gather them.' So enduring is national character! The same charge is made to-day, with equal justice.

But the Egyptians had emerged from this barbarism three or four thousand years B.C. They could force flowers and fruits, for the Romans did, learning the secret from them probably, or from the Carthaginians. They could not perform the other operation necessary—retarding growth and bloom—by the method we use, for that means lowering the temperature. But they may have had others as effective, and if so, the report of Athenaeus can be accepted implicitly. For that matter the superb azaleas sent by Messrs. Sander to the last Temple Show had not been kept back by the cool air treatment, but by rough and ready means improvised upon the spot; yet they were as fresh and as perfect as though they had flowered at the natural season, two or three months before. If glass was required for the Egyptian process they had it, for assuredly those enthusiastic gardeners were not behind the Romans, who forced melons and cucumbers in frames as early as the days of Tiberius. Pliny mentions that interesting fact, and Columella describes the system of cultivation. From his researches among the early Arab historians Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has ascertained that Abd-el-Aziz, Governor of Egypt for the Khalif, had a glazed 'winter garden' at Helwan, near Cairo, in 695 A.D. Neither he nor any of his nation could have invented such a thing. We may be sure that the secret had been handed down. The same pleasant writer tells of a wondrous garden laid out by Sultan Khumaraweyh, who came to the throne in 883. Among the flowers he planted palms and trees of every sort, enclosing the trunks with copper gilt to hide leaden pipes which discharged water like fountains. In the midst was a 'lake' of quicksilver, upon which lay a bed inflated with air, attached by silk cords to silver posts at the corners; only on this could the

Sultan find sleep. Contemporaries tell of wealth and luxury in Egypt, then and long afterwards, much more astonishing. But their legends become credible when we reflect that nearly all the spices of which barbarous Europe was so fond passed through Alexandria, and paid just what the Sultan chose to ask by way of duty.

Doubtless it is from the Egyptian Arabs that we have received such a quantity of names for fruits and vegetables; for if they reached us from the Moors of Spain, those people, who were no gardeners originally, must have learnt them from their civilised neighbours. It is a long list: spinach *asfanez*, endive *hindouba*, chicory *chikouria*, saffron *za'fron*, cotton *goton*, hemp *kenneb*, caraway *kerwiya*, cummin *komoun*, aloe *alou*, sugar *sekkar*, are examples. Some must be traced through foreign equivalents, as liquorice, French *régliste*, Arabic *a'reges-sous*; aubergine, Spanish *berengena*, Arabic *badnejan*; artichoke, Italian *carciofo*, Arabic *kerchouf*. Of fruits we have lemon *limoun*, orange *neranj*, pistachio, perhaps from *fostouk*. Apricot is *bircouq* with the article added—*albericoque* in Spanish, *albicocca* in Italian; and tamarind, *tamar hindi*, Indian fruit.

How long have greenhouses been used in this country? The date of introduction is known perhaps, but I never chanced to see it. In 1685 John Evelyn was surprised and delighted by the spectacle of a warming apparatus at the Apothecaries' Garden, Chelsea. 'What was very ingenious,' he writes, 'was the subterranean heat conveyed by a stove under the conservatory, which was all vaulted with brick.' But John Evelyn had a passion for horticulture. He knew all the processes of the day, and he had travelled through France, Italy, and Germany, making careful notes. On the other hand, there is a picture at Kensington Palace representing the King's gardener, Rose, on his knees, offering a pineapple to Charles II. One would naturally suppose that he had grown it; if so, the new invention must have been promptly turned to excellent account. But Lady Mary Wortley Montagu belonged to the wealthiest families of England, both by birth and marriage; yet two large baskets of oranges and lemons, served at the table of the King of Hanover in December 1715, amazed her. 'I could not imagine how they came there, except by enchantment!' she exclaims. Upon enquiry it proved that they were grown in hothouses, and then the lady makes a significant remark, 'I am surprised that we do not practise in England so useful an invention.' Evidently few even of rich noblemen, if any, used artificial heat

in 1716. And this impression is confirmed by a statement of Philip Miller, a high authority in the early part of the eighteenth century : ' I suppose many people will be surprised to see me direct the making of flues under a greenhouse ; but though perhaps it may happen that there is no necessity to make fires in them for two or three years together, yet in very hard winters they will prove extremely useful.' Fifty years later Horace Walpole wrote, while staying with Lord Holderness, ' My lord would have shown us the journals, but we amused ourselves much better in going to eat peaches in his new Dutch stoves.' So in this instance at least the heating apparatus was obtained from Holland, unless the term ' Dutch stove ' was applied to warm houses to commemorate their origin.

One might gossip thus for an indefinite time. I meant to say something about Greek gardens ; especially because others may recollect, as I do, how the ponderous Becker declares that ' all we know of Greek gardening is that they knew very little and cared less.' An enthusiastic Hellenist in boyhood, or now for that matter, this contemptuous remark made me indignant. Perhaps the author of ' Charicles,' like Dr. Johnson, was better acquainted with Latin literature than with Greek. But my space is full.

FREDERICK BOYLE.

THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS GORGONA.

ONCE upon a time, and not very long ago, far away southward at the very end of the point which is the end of the Morea, which is the end of Greece, which is the beginning and end of everything, there lived two children, a brother and sister. Her name was Stavroula and his was Kosta; and as they had no father and mother they lived with their grandfather, Leonidas, and their two grown-up brothers, Mitsos and Kitsos. Their home was in an old tower on a cliff over the sea, and they were as poor as poor could be; indeed, they had never had anything to eat but goat's milk cheese, black bread, and olives, except once when there was a wreck, and old Leonidas rowed off and brought back a boat-load of things; for 'it's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' and 'charity begins at home.' On that happy occasion Stavroula and Kosta got as their share a bottle of pickles, and ate it all at one sitting, and thought they were going to die in consequence; though it was only a stomach-ache, of which, of course, they had no previous experience.

Though they knew nothing of pickles and stomach-aches and French and stockings and all sorts of necessary things, which we know all about, on the other hand they knew all about a lot of strange things which we have never heard of; for in the long winter evenings they sat by the driftwood fire and listened to old Leonidas telling stories, while the wind howled above and the waves came roaring in below, till the cliff shook and the air was as full of sound and spindrift as it is under Niagara Falls. The stories he told were all about fairies—not the grim gnomes and trolls of Germany, nor the jolly wild huntsmen and lob-lie-by-the-fires and pixies of England, nor the wild leprechauns and banshees of Ireland, but the beautiful and dangerous fairies of these countries: the Hamadryads, the spirits of the woods, that sing in the pine-trees all the windy winter nights, and all the summer days dance in the patches of sunlight in the olive-groves; and the Nereids, the spirits of the waters, that haunt the running streams, where in the hot summer afternoons you can listen to them splashing and laughing, and sometimes, if you steal near a spring, you can

hear one crying softly to herself because she isn't a mortal woman and has no soul; and the Lamiae, the spirits of the mist, that sleep at night in the meadows by the river, and go floating lazily away in the morning sun—soft, gentle fairies these, unless angry, when they come flying over sea and land in twirling waterspouts, driving the waves before them like galloping white-maned horses. And there were the Moirai, the three grey old women who sit on the top of Olympus; one is always spinning, and one always weaving, and one always cutting the threads, and each thread is a human life; only, since it is all done now by machinery, they have had little to do lately and are seriously thinking of going out of business. As for the stories of the Vrykolakas, the Vampires, they were so dreadful that, after hearing the first half of the first story, Stavroula always covered her ears and sat as close to Kosta as she could, and was thrilled at the bad bits quite as much as was pleasant when she felt him wriggling with cold shivers in his back. As for the Drakos and his wife, the Drakissa, two giants that live in the mountains, with one eye in their foreheads and horns like goats, she wasn't afraid of them, because Kosta was the youngest of three brothers, and so by all the rules was as sure of getting the better of them as if he had been Jack the Giant-killer or St. George of Cappadocia himself.

They knew quite a lot of history, too; but most of it you would not find in Gibbon. How Constantine, the last emperor of Constantinople, when he had fought the Turks till he could fight no more, went into a great stone hall under St. Sophia, and there sits to this day, with all his nobles and soldiers round him, waiting for an eclipse of the crescent moon, when they will all come charging out and drive the Turks over the Bosphorus and away to the Kokkina Mountain—and where that is nobody knows. But their favourite history lesson was to hear how King Alexander the Great went out to look for the fountain of Jouvence, of which whoever drinks lives for ever; and how he found it in the Land of Darkness among the Isles of the Sea, and filled a great gold cup from it, and sailed away; but on the way home his daughter, the Princess Gorgona, drank it all. So when he found it empty, and knew that he must die like anyone else, in his anger he threw her overboard into the sea; and as she could not die, and dared not come on shore for fear of King Alexander, there she swam for many a long year. And often the sailors saw her swimming, and heard her call out, 'Long live King Alexander!'; for, there being

no daily papers in the sea, she didn't know that he was dead long, long ago. But the sailors always answered, 'He lives and reigns,' which wasn't strictly true; but, then, princesses can't always be told the truth, and if she had known he was dead she would have come up out of the sea and scared the Sultan of Turkey into hysterics.

So you see that though these two children lived at the Back of Beyond and had never been to a kindergarten or a high school, by the time winter was over and the long summer days came again they felt they knew all about the world, and were quite able to take care of the tower while Leonidas and Mitsos and Kitsos went away sponge-fishing among the islands. Some days they would herd the goats up in the mountains, where Stavroula kept an eye on the goats, while Kosta sat on a high rock and kept a sharp lookout for the Drakos; or else Kosta hunted for shellfish and crabs in the rock pools, while Stavroula sang charms to the Princess Gorgona to prevent her from interfering. So they lived, half on land and half in the sea, until they could climb like Pottawottamies and swim like Polynesians, and looked very like such savages, too, with their brown skins and shocks of black hair. But savages they were not, as appears from this story.

And winter became summer, and summer winter, and babies became boys and girls, and boys and girls men and women, until Stavroula was fifteen and Kosta a year younger; and then came a summer when everything went wrong, for Leonidas forgot to pay the wise woman to charm the olive-trees, so that there were hardly any olives, and Stavroula and Kosta went to sleep on the mountains, and the Drakos stole most of the goats. Kosta went off into the mountains as bold as brass to find the Drakos and hammer him till he gave them up; but the old giant, for all he had only one eye, saw him coming, and, knowing he was the youngest brother of three, and as dangerous as Jack the Giant-killer or St. George of Cappadocia, prudently kept out of the way. Then Kitsos must have offended a Lamia, for he went out in the boat, and soon after they saw a waterspout twirling and twisting over the sea, and Kitsos and the boat never came back; and that was the worst of all, because Leonidas, having no boat, couldn't go sponge-fishing, and Mitsos, consequently, having nothing to do, went off to the town to make his fortune, and made a fool of himself instead; for he thought he would be a brigand, and have a band, and capture an American, and go into Parliament. So he went

along the road, and said 'Your money or your life!' to the first traveller he met. But the traveller was an Englishman fresh from Cambridge, who knocked him head over heels, and sat on him till a gendarme came along and took him off to prison; so there was the end of him.

That left only old Leonidas and Kosta and Stavroula, and they sometimes almost wished they were dead like Kitsos, or comfortably provided for in prison like Mitsos; for the olive-trees being barren there were no olives, and the goats being gone there was no more goat's milk cheese, and there being no sponges to sell there was no money to buy flour with, and if one lives on shell-fish and nothing else, why, one begins to feel rather like a jellyfish oneself. Kosta tightened up his belt and fished all the harder, and Stavroula choked down the tears and pretended not to be hungry for Kosta's sake; but she got thinner and paler, until she couldn't climb the mountain or dive in the pools any more, and at last she was so weak she could only sit on the shore and sing to the Princess Gorgona a long song all about their troubles, in the hope she might hear as she swam in the sea and come and help them.

And—who knows?—perhaps she did hear, for one day Kosta saw something floating out at sea, and found it was a small boat full of water, and towed it into shore; and Leonidas made some oars, and Stavroula a sail, and there was a little fishing-boat for Leonidas and Kosta to go sponge-fishing in. The only question was where to fish, for the boat was too small to go far and there were no sponges near. At last old Leonidas said:

'Kosta, there's only one place for us to go to, a place which is so haunted that no one has dared to fish there, and where, therefore, there will surely be sponges, and that is the Black Island.'

'The Black Island!' sobbed Stavroula; 'but that's where the Princess Gorgona lives.'

'I know,' said Leonidas; 'but Kosta knows all the proper things to say to her if he meets her, and I'm sure she wouldn't have the heart to hurt him if he explains how badly off we are.'

'But how can he speak under water?' said poor Stavroula.

But it was no use her objecting. Kosta, when he looked at her pale face and thin arms, felt that he must go, and spent the rest of the evening trying to persuade Stavroula that he must, for all sorts of complicated reasons, and without any conspicuous success. However, seeing him so brave about himself, she did her best to

be brave about him ; and that's much the harder of the two. All the same she was very sad next morning when Leonidas and he sailed away for the Black Island and left her sitting on the shore.

And they sailed and sailed until the Black Island rose like a dark cloud out of the sea, and loomed up bigger and blacker, until the wind died away under it, and the boat drifted slowly in where the black water lay heaving and weltering in the shadow of the black cliffs. It was all so dark and forbidding that Kosta felt his courage running out at his heels, and undressed and climbed up on the side of the boat in a great hurry to get in while he had some left ; and Leonidas tied a rope to a great stone in the bottom of the boat, and heaved it upon the gunwale, and said, 'Are you ready, Kosta ?' And Kosta looked at the black water below him, and thought of the Princess Gorgona waiting, perhaps, down there, and his heart failed him, and he said, 'No.' And then he looked out across the sunlit waves to where his own mountains lay like a blue cloud far across the sea, and remembered that there below them sat Stavroula, waiting for him to come back ; and at that he felt ready to go to the very bottom of the world and fight all the hobgoblins there—one down the other come on !

So he took a good grip of the rope and a deep breath, and gave a nod to Leonidas ; and in went the great stone with a hollow plunge, and headlong into the splash shot Kosta behind it and was gone like a flash, and not a trace of him left but the whispering water-rings that went widening out, and the rope that danced out coil after coil and went sliding over the gunwale, and the boat still rocking, and the old man sitting and counting 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 on his fingers, so as to know how far the stone was sinking ; for he couldn't count more than five unless you gave him plenty of time and a white wall and a burnt stick to make calculations with.

Down and down went Kosta, and the water got colder and colder, and darker and darker, until it was a grey twilight ; down and down until it was dark as moonlight ; down and down until it was dark as starlight ; and then at last there was the black bottom of the sea, and the stone sank down through long strands of waving seaweeds, and stopped under a big rock covered with the biggest of sponges. Kosta tore off one, and was just starting to swim up to the top, when the weeds before him waved apart, and there close behind them, and looking straight at him, was a beautiful white lady. She was pale white all over except her hair,

which was a golden red, and her eyes, which were bright blue, and looked Kosta through and through, as though she was reading all about him inside himself. Perhaps she was, and liked what she read, for she smiled; and then the weeds waved back and hid her again, and Kosta got the use of his legs and gave a mighty kick, and away he went to the top of the water, every toe curling with fear lest the Princess Gorgona—for, of course, who else could it be?—should change her mind and grab him by the ankle. But he stuck to the sponge, for business is business, and a smile from a princess has no pecuniary value in these democratic times. So he scrambled on board, and lay round-eyed and panting like a fresh-landed fish, the worst scared boy in the Greek Archipelago.

It was sad to hear poor old Leonidas when Kosta told the story, which he did as soon as he could get his wind and draw his grandfather's attention away from the magnificent sponge. For at the thought that the Princess wouldn't let them get any more he broke down, and cried: 'Oh, dear, oh, dear! the horrid old cat, keeping us off like a dog in the manger, so she is, just when we had found the sponges and all our troubles were over! But perhaps she can hear if I shout down to her. O beautiful Princess, it is I, the good old Leonidas. Do, please, your Royal Highness, let us get these sponges out of the palace. What good are sponges to you, who live all the time in the water and can't come ashore to sell them? And that reminds me to tell you that King Alexander—may he live for ever!—is expected by here any minute, so do, your Royal Highness, just make a little splash to show you are going, and I'll leave a beautiful cake on the rocks here as soon as ever Stavroula can bake it.' But it was all no use; there was no splash, and he went on: 'Oh, dear, dear! Here's the winter coming on, and Kitsos drowned, and no money to give the priest for his service, and Mitsos in prison, and no money to make the gaoler kind to him, and Stavroula starving——' and at that, thinking of his dear Stavroula, Kosta could hold out no more, and he shouted out:

'That's all right! I'm going down for more sponges.'

At first Leonidas wouldn't hear of it; but Kosta was as determined a little Greek from old Sparta as ever defeated Xerxes or turned the Turk out of Tripolitsa. So they pulled up the stone, and he took hold of the rope, and away he went again, only this time it must be confessed that he shut his eyes, for there are limits to a man's courage.

Now, of course, we, having never heard of the Princess Gorgona's existence, know very well that she never existed, and could prove that she never could exist as well as the learned man who, when he first heard a traveller's tale of an elephant, proved to the satisfaction of the scientific world that what the traveller had really seen was two cows that had half-swallowed each other; because, in the first place, it was evident that elephants had no joints in their legs, and therefore the only way they could sleep was by leaning against a tree, and consequently anybody wanting to catch them had only to saw through the tree which the elephant was going to lean against. Therefore, if there ever had been elephants, they would all have been caught; therefore there never were elephants; whereas cows are common. But Kosta had been brought up on legends and not on logic, and believed as firmly in fairies as we do in fractions. Yet all the same down he went.

He opened his eyes when the stone stopped, and there was the Princess quite plain, standing with her back to him, and the more he looked the less he was frightened, until, slipping up behind her, this bold boy gave the rope a twist round her waist and then shot up to the boat again.

'Pull, oh, pull!' said he to Leonidas; and they both pulled, and, oh! but it was heavy work.

'What have you tied at the end of the rope?' asked Leonidas when they stopped to take breath.

'The Princess Gorgona,' says Kosta; and was very nearly pulled overboard, for Leonidas dropped the rope like a hot poker; nor would he pull any more until Kosta had assured him that he knew she wouldn't suck them down in a whirlpool, or swamp them with a wave, or scrunch them with a rock. So they pulled, hand over fist, until at last something white appeared rising through the water, and there came dripping up out of it, not a wicked princess, but a beautiful white marble statue, worth hundreds and hundreds of pounds.

So that was the end of all their troubles, and they wrapped the Princess carefully up in an old sail in the bottom of the boat, and started for home; and there was Stavroula sitting on the beach waiting for them.

The next morning old Leonidas put on his best floppy red fez with a long tassel, and his baggy blue breeches with a red sash stuck full of pistols, and his striped stockings, and his shoes with big buckles, till he looked more like a pirate than a grandfatherly

old fisherman ; and he mounted his donkey and went off to town. The next day passed, and the next, and Stavroula and Kosta were out on the hillside watching to get the first sight of him and the donkey coming up the track, when they heard a ' Wheew ! Whew ! Whut ! Whut ! ' down below ; and there came fussing round the point a little white gunboat, looking as important as if it was the whole Greek navy—as, indeed, it pretty nearly was. Up on the bridge, in his red fez and blue breeches and striped stockings, was old Leonidas, pointing out the way in to the captain, and looking as proud as a peacock on a piazza. The gunboat had come for the Princess, and she was presently carried on board as carefully as befitted a lady of her rank ; and Stavroula waved her good-bye before sitting down to the magnificent supper Leonidas had brought with him. After supper Leonidas took a burnt stick and tried to count up how much money he had ; but the walls of the tower weren't nearly big enough to hold all his calculations, so he doesn't know yet, and probably never will, though he has added several rooms on purpose and Stavroula has to have them all fresh white-washed once a month.

The Princess has gone to live in a museum at Athens now, and her pedestal there says she is Aphrodite Anadyomene, and belongs to the Archaistic school of the Hellenistic period, and was sunk in a shipwreck. But Stavroula and Kosta know better. She is the Princess Gorgona, who, tired of just living and doing nothing, asked to be allowed to die, and was told she might if in doing so she could save the life of a mortal. And one day, while swimming sadly along the shore looking for a life to save, she heard Stavroula singing about her troubles, and she saw she would die if she went on starving. So she sent the boat first, and then, when Kosta dived, just turned herself into stone before him for Stavroula's sake. And so her wish was granted, and stone she is, and stone she will be for ever and a day.

GEORGE YOUNG.

A MEDIÆVAL ROMANCE.

JOHANNES, son of Gilbert, born
 At Warren Magna, com. Wigorn.,
 Till one-and-twenty simple John,
 Cast his eyes on Alison;
 Spouted, fourteenth-century wise,
 Odes to his 'parvenke of price';
 Loved and lost his 'parfit perle,'
 Who was indeed a common girl;
 Forsook the world and joined instead
 A priory, and shaved his head,
 Learnt reading, writing, Latin: thus
Non nascitur, fit monachus.

His priory can still be seen,
 Though ruined, by the village green
 Where children used to gather round
 Brother Johannes on the ground;
 For none had tales so good to tell,
 And none could tell the tales so well.
 And when the dragon had been killed,
 The giant's doom at length fulfilled,
 When the princess, that lady bright,
 Was safely married to her knight,
 Brother Johannes let them dip
 Their hands into his magic scrip;
 And Warren's orchards were the pride,
 And still are, of that countryside.

The priory had another claim,
 And this to more enduring fame.
 Johannes, travelling overseas
 In youth, had met Jehan de Grise,
 And many were the pains he took
 To learn his craft to limn a book:
 And, once again to Warren come,
 In the Refectorium

Showed them how the skin was ripped
To make a vellum manuscript ;
How to stretch the parchment tight,
How (with pounce) to make it white ;
Taught them to make cinnabar,
Lampblack, gum, and vinegar ;
How to temper, how to use
Azure, roset, and ceruse ;
How upon a stone to mill
Ochre, alum-glass, brazil ;
How to size, and lay with care
Goldleaf on the tacky glair
With the pencil and the brush,
And burnish it with wild-boar's tush.

Year in, year out, from day to day
He taught the novices the way
To make such books, and write therein
The tender carols that begin
'Thys endris nyght a chyld is born
To save mankynd that was forlorn' ;
And little songs of 'briddës roun'
When Lenten comes with love to town.

Johannes had one annual sin,
Committed when the days begin
To lengthen out in early May,
And bloom is on the hawthorn-spray.
And this one sin was worse by far
Than sudden moral lapses are ;
These are spontaneous, done by chance ;
That, calculated in advance.

For yearly, on the first of May,
Johannes woke before the day,
And couched in his ascetic cell
Spent the long hour till matin-bell
In sinful dreaming. First he heard
Some timid whistle of a bird
That was not sure the night was gone,
But wished he dared to sing alone.

Next, a swallow flying high
And balancing in palest sky,
The world below him lying dumb,
Would pipe the signal, 'Day has come';
And then the birds would hail the light
And sing a requiem to night;
And then the scent of may would rise
And tears would fill Johannes' eyes . . .
He could not but recall the day—
Years ago, that first of May!—
When rising early he had gone
To gather may with Alison;
And how they rambled hand-in-hand
Through the summer-breathing land,
Plucked the white and pulled the red,
What he whispered, what she said . . .
Just a word: they rambled on.
Cruel pretty Alison! . . .

Then through the year he would redeem
By penance his May-morning dream.

Johannes never sang his *Nunc*
Dimittis, as becomes a monk.
One first-of-May the matin-bell
Failed to rouse him from the spell;
And even when the prior spake
Exhorting him, he did not wake—
Nor slept, but lay with eyes astare,
Stroking the shaggy pelt of bear
That covered him: the tufted curls
Felt as soft as any girl's . . .
The brethren watched; perhaps a few
Guessed the cause—the prior knew;
And, kneeling, for his soul's release,
Absolved him, and he died in peace.

They buried him beneath the aisle.
The children missed him—for a while.

LADY HAMILTON AND 'HORATIA'

THE papers of my great-grandfather, Sir Harris Nicolas, have recently come into my possession, and the letters addressed to him by Nelson's daughter Horatia, while he was bringing out his edition of Nelson's despatches, still possess their interest, though they have lumbered in an old trunk for upwards of sixty years. They can hardly be said to contribute new facts, except for showing that Mr. Matcham, her uncle by marriage, fetched Horatia from Calais after Lady Hamilton's death, and not the second Earl Nelson and Mr. Henry Cadogan as is commonly related; but they undoubtedly shed some light on Lady Hamilton's character, and Horatia's recollections of her early life with Lady Hamilton after Nelson's death cannot be called dull.

Sir Harris first met Horatia, who was born on January 29, 1801, and in 1822 married the Rev. Philip Ward, in 1844, and their correspondence lasted till 1846 and chiefly consisted of an examination of the various fictions employed by Nelson and Lady Hamilton to conceal the parentage of Horatia. Both Sir Harris and Mrs. Ward died in ignorance of the real facts, and in his last volume of the despatches Sir Harris even conjectures that the relations of Nelson and Lady Hamilton were platonic, although his opinion on that one point must subsequently have changed, and was never more than merely conjectural. But Sir Harris did not long survive the completion of his Nelson volumes. Worn out by a succession of misfortunes and disappointments, he sank under them like Sir Walter Scott, and died at Boulogne in 1848, engaged on fresh work to the last. He was in his last days editing the papers of Sir Hudson Lowe, and had even jotted down some notes for a history of Boulogne. His comparatively short career (for he died just under fifty) had been indeed full and varied. In his teens he had captured French frigates off the coast of Calabria, and invented a fresh signalling system. Just out of his teens he had been called to the Bar, and stood for Parliament in the cause of Reform; he had written erudite works on every conceivable topic which had, as he told Carlyle, 'ruined nearly all the booksellers in London,' he had spent an extraordinary amount

of his energies and patrimony in getting rid of the abuses in connexion with public records, had built up a flourishing practice in peerage cases which fell greatly in value owing to Sir Robert Peel's decision in 1840 not to revive peerages in abeyance, and had kept up a running commentary on general topics in most of the newspapers and reviews of the day. History and research, as we know it now, had scarcely come into existence in those days, and he suffered as all pioneers must. But his friend, Mrs. Horatia Ward, lived to an advanced age, and died in 1881 without ever knowing, so far as I am aware, who her mother was, or seeing among the Morrison papers (which were not acquired by Mr. Morrison till 1887) the documents which have now established the facts of the case.

These facts are as follows. As the result of Nelson's intimacy with Lady Hamilton in the spring of 1800, Horatia was born on January 29, 1801, actually at 23 Piccadilly, Sir William Hamilton's house, and was within a week of that date smuggled by Lady Hamilton (some say in a muff) to a house in Marylebone, where she was put in the care of a nurse. Lady Hamilton frequently visited the child there, and the child was often brought to the house of Sir William Hamilton. The child was baptized in 1803 as Horatia Nelson Thompson, at the Marylebone Registry, and her birth was antedated to October 1800, presumably to conceal the fact of her real origin.

Nelson's letters at first mention a 'Mr. Thompson,' the fictitious father, but he afterwards acknowledges himself as the father, and constantly refers to an equally fictitious 'Mrs. Thompson' as the mother. The name is not always spelt the same way. A letter from Nelson to Lady Hamilton, the existence of which was unknown both to Sir Harris and Mrs. Ward, has long since shown that Lady Hamilton was the mother, and further documents have shown that in 1804 Lady Hamilton had another child by Nelson called 'Emma,' who did not long survive her birth. Lady Hamilton was appointed by Nelson to be guardian of the child, and in all letters sent through the post (and not by a trusted messenger) she is referred to as such. The recapitulation of these facts is for the general reader a necessary preliminary to the perusal of the following letters.

It is certainly odd that Lady Hamilton should not only have convinced Nelson that Horatia was her first child (which was not the fact) but also have successfully prevented her own daughter from knowing that she was her mother, and concealed from her

the birth of the second child. After this we may even believe that Sir William Hamilton remained unaware of Horatia's birth in his own house. Lady Hamilton had of course every reason for not acknowledging Horatia as her own child, since otherwise her intimacy with Nelson was not strictly proved, and she could always claim the benefit of the doubt—a most important consideration having regard to the fact that she was always expecting and asking for a public pension. The first extract I shall give of the letters to Sir Harris is as follows :—

Would she (i.e. Lady Hamilton) have dared to have a child brought constantly to her husband's house had she had a nearer interest in it than that of friendship to whom it belonged ? It has always appeared to me that she was just the woman who, to gain a stronger hold on Lord Nelson's affection, would be likely to undertake the care of a child which he might feel anxious about, to show herself above common jealousies. The only quarrel which I ever heard between Lady H. and her mother took place when we lived at Richmond, when I suppose I had been very naughty, for I was in sad disgrace, and had received a most pathetic lecture on the error of my conduct. Mrs. Cadogan pleaded for me, saying that I had done nothing requiring such a severe scolding, when Lady H. became angry, and said that she alone had authority over me. Mrs. Cadogan, rather irritated, said 'Really, Emma, you make as much fuss about the child as if she were your own daughter,' when Lady H. turned round, much incensed as I was present, and replied, 'Perhaps she is.' Mrs. Cadogan looked at her and replied : 'Emma, that will not do with me ; you know that I know better.' Lady H. then ordered me out of the room. On her death-bed, at Calais, I earnestly prayed her to tell me who my mother was, but she would not, influenced then, I think, by the fear that I might leave her.

Another letter contains an interesting account of Lady Hamilton's movements after Nelson's death.

Poor Lady H., as you are aware, left Merton in consequence of her not being able to remain there for pecuniary reasons. I believe that then she was considerably involved ; but, of course, I was too young to know much about it. She then went to Richmond to live, and took a seven years' lease of the house in Herring Court. After a year or two she left, and took lodgings in town in Bond Street, where her brother died. She then quitted those apartments and took lodgings in Piccadilly, where she stayed about a few months. From there she went to board and lodge in a house in Dover Street, and after that took a house in Bond Street, where she remained till she became too involved to remain 'at large,' and then went to Fulham to Mrs. Billington, where she remained secreted for some weeks, having sent what she most valued in papers before her. From thence she went to Temple Place in the rules of the Bench, and after living in them for more than a year, she left London for Calais. At the time of her death she was in great distress, and had I not, unknown to her, written to Lord Nelson to ask the loan of £10, and to another kind friend of hers who immediately sent her £20, she would not literally have had one shilling till her next allowance became due. Latterly, she was hardly sensible. I imagine that her illness originally began by being bled, whilst labouring under an attack of jaundice, whilst she lived at Richmond. From that time she never was well, and added to this the baneful habit she had of

taking spirits and wine to a fearful degree, brought on water on the chest. She died in January, 1814, and was buried in the burying-ground attached to the town. That was a sad, miserable time to me. Latterly her mind became so irritable by drinking, that I had written to Mr. Matcham, and he had desired that I would lose no time in getting some respectable person to take me over, and that I was to come to them, where I should always find a home. After her death, as soon as he heard of it, he came to Dover to fetch me.

With all Lady Hamilton's faults, and she had *many*, she had many fine qualities,

and 'Horatia' goes on to mention that almost to the end Lady Hamilton had spent all the interest on Lord Nelson's legacy, which she received as guardian, entirely on her daughter's education.

Perhaps the strictest test of human virtue is that of plain honesty in dealing with money, and it is good to know that Lady Hamilton, under the severest temptation, conscientiously applied the money of which she was virtually a trustee.

In connection with Lady Hamilton's finances, I found a copy of the following pathetic appeal written by Lady Hamilton to Lord Sidmouth, which, so far as I know, has not been printed before.

Common of St. Pierre: October 7, 1814.

MY LORD,—It is with the utmost anguish and regret I write to you. Sir William Scott was so kind, knowing my services to my country to speak to your lordship on behalf of myself and Horatia, the daughter of the glorious and virtuous Nelson, if there is humanity still left in British hearts they will not suffer us to die with famine in a foreign country. For God's sake then send us some relief. Let Horatia, who will be fourteen on October 29, finish her education, let her be provided for. At present we have not one shilling in our pockets, although I spent all I had on the family of Earl Nelson. He never takes notice of his brother's child, although he *knows well* she is his child. I will not tease your lordship any more, only to say if Horatia will be provided for, and believe, my lord,

Your grateful,

EMMA HAMILTON.

My direction is chez Desin.

The next letter, written after the publication of the last volume of the despatches, shows that a letter printed by a certain Mr. Harrison, and, as Mr. Sichel conjectures, probably stolen from Lady Hamilton by her secretary, was shown to be genuine, contrary to the opinion of Mrs. Ward. Sir Harris writes of Mr. Harrison, that his life of Lord Nelson, published in 1806, 'was written under the direction of Lady Hamilton with the view of supporting her claims upon the Government,' but he and Lady Hamilton seem subsequently to have quarrelled. On November 4, 1844 Mrs. Ward wrote to Sir Harris as follows:—

It appears to me that Harrison, who was a needy man, thought he might oblige Lady H. to give him a certain sum by the threat of publishing letters which he had in his possession of hers, when he found that she had it not to give him, he immediately turned his head to concoct a set of letters from those in his hands which would bring him in a handsome remuneration.

Various reasons are brought forward to support this hypothesis, but Mrs. Ward's conjectures are generally unlucky.

On August 21, 1846, she wrote to Sir Harris as follows :—

MY DEAR SIR,—Most correctly have you judged when you said that I should be much shocked to find those wretched letters are genuine. Alas that such a master-mind should be subject to such a weakness. Of what a strange medley is the human mind constituted. I cannot, however, help rejoicing (I hope not from any love of dissimulation) that these letters *did not* come under your notice till after the seventh volume was published—had you seen them earlier you would have felt bound to take some notice of them, now they cannot sully *his* fame, as I firmly believe most of the readers of that unfortunate publication of Mr. Harrison's disbelieved them—better so. Still I do not alter my opinion that Lady Hamilton could not have been my mother. In the letters, as printed, there does not appear any reserve in Lord Nelson's manner of addressing Lady H. from fear of the letters not reaching her, or he would not have expressed himself as he did in them.

Yet I do not recollect one in which I am named as a mutual tie between them or any allusion of the kind.

Mrs. Ward's persistent declarations that Lady Hamilton was not her mother seem to me quite sincere, but they are puzzling in the light of a letter dated April 18, 1813, in which Lady Hamilton throughout describes herself as her mother. The only explanation appears to be that Lady Hamilton may have adopted the habit of calling herself Horatia's mother, though it was clearly understood between them that she was not. Such a mode of address is constantly used by step-children and sons-in-law and daughters-in-law.

The other letters in my possession have no particular interest. They wander round such topics as the purchase of Nelson's coat by the Prince Consort, and the silence of Nelson's solicitor, Mr. Haslewood, who probably bore the secret to his grave. But there is a certain comedy in the launching of these laborious conjectures, while documentary evidence of the truth was lying hidden all the time, and the success with which Lady Hamilton concealed the truth from her own daughter makes it a little more possible to believe that Sir William Hamilton's attitude to Nelson's relations with Lady Hamilton was not so philosophic as some have imagined.

E. S. P. HAYNES.

*CHIPPINGE.*¹

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

LESS THAN A HERO.

It was the evening of the day on which the meeting between Arthur Vaughan and Mr. Pybus had taken place, and from the thirty-six windows in the front of Stapylton lights shone on the dusky glades of the park: here, twinkling fairylike over the long slope of sward which shimmered pale-green as with the ghostly reflection of dead daylight; there, shining boldly upon the clump of beeches that topped an eminence with blackness. Vaughan sat beside Isaac White in the carriage which Sir Robert had sent for him; and looking curiously forth on the demesne which would be his if he lived, he could scarcely believe his eyes. Was the old Tory so sure of victory that he already illuminated his windows? Or was the house, long sparsely inhabited, and opened only at rare intervals and to dull and formal parties, full now from attic to hall? Election or no election, that seemed an unlikely thing. Yet every window, yes, every window had its light!

He was too proud to question the agent, who, his errand done and his message delivered, showed no desire to talk. More than once, indeed, in the course of their short companionship Vaughan had caught White looking at him with something like pity in his eyes. And though the young man was far from letting this distress him—he thought it likely that White, with his inborn reverence for Sir Robert, despaired of all who fell under his displeasure—it closed his lips, and hardened his heart. He was no paid servant, but a kinsman and the heir. And he would have Sir Robert remember this. For his part, he was not going to forget who he was; that a Chancellor had stooped to flatter him, and a Cabinet Minister had offered him a seat. After that, after he had refused, for a point of honour, a bait that few would have rejected,

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he was not going to be browbeaten by an old gentleman whom the world had outpaced; whose beliefs, whose prejudices, whose views were of yesterday, and who, in his profound ignorance of present conditions, would plunge England into civil war rather than resign a privilege as obsolete as ship-money, and as illegal as the Dispensing Power.

While he thought of this the carriage stopped at the door. He alighted and ascended the steps.

The hall more than made good the outside promise. It was brilliantly lighted, and behind Mapp and the servant who received him Vaughan had a glimpse of three or four servants in full-dress livery. From the dining-room on his left issued peals of laughter, and voices so clear that, though he had not the smallest reason to suspect his presence, he was sure that he caught among them Bob Flixton's tones. The discovery was not pleasing: but Mapp, turning the other way and giving him no time to think, went before him to the suite of state-rooms on the right of the hall, which he had not seen in use more than thrice in his life. It must be so then—he thought with surprise. The place must be full! For the gilt mirrors which graced the walls of the two drawing-rooms reflected the soft light of a multitude of candles, wood fires burned and crackled on the hearths, the 'Morning Chronicle,' the 'Quarterly,' and other signs of life lay about on the round tables, and an air of cheerful *bienséance* pervaded all. What did it mean?

'Sir Robert has finished dinner, sir,' Mapp said; even he seemed to wear an unusual air of solemnity. 'He will be with you, sir, immediately. Hope you are well, sir?' he continued, unbending a little.

'Quite well, Mapp, thank you.'

Then he was left alone, to wonder if a second surprise awaited him. Pybus had supplied him with one that day. If a second were in store for him, what was its nature? Could Sir Robert, on his side, be going to offer him one of the seats—if he would recant? He hoped not. But he had not time to give more than a thought to that before he heard footsteps and voices crossing the hall. The next moment there entered the outer room—at such a distance from the hearth of that in which he stood that he had a leisurely view of all before they reached him—three persons. The first was a tall burly man in slovenly evening clothes, with an ungainly rolling walk. After him came Sir Robert himself, and after him again, Isaac White.

Vaughan advanced a step or two, and Sir Robert passed by the burly man—who had a pendulous under lip, and a face at once flabby and melancholy. The baronet held out his hand. ‘We have not quarrelled yet, Mr. Vaughan,’ he said, with a cordiality which took Vaughan quite by surprise. ‘I trust and believe that we are not going to quarrel. I bid you welcome, therefore. This,’ he continued with a gesture of deference ‘is Sir Charles Wetherell, whom you know by reputation, and whom, for a reason which you will understand by-and-by, I have asked to be present at our interview.’

The stout man eyed Vaughan from under his bushy eyebrows. ‘I think we have met before,’ he said in a deep voice. ‘At Westminster, Mr. Vaughan, on the 22nd of last month.’ He had a habit of blinking as he talked. ‘I was beholden to you on that occasion.’

Vaughan had already recognised him, and recalled the incident in Palace Yard. He bowed with an expression of silent sympathy. But he wondered all the more. The presence of the late Attorney-General, a man of great mark in the political world, whose defeat at Norwich was in that morning’s paper—what did it mean? Did they think to browbeat him? Or—yes, it must be that they too had an offer to make to him? He had raised himself, it seemed, into a personage by his independence. Sought by the one side, sought by the other! A *résumé* of the answer he would give flashed before him. However, they were not come to that yet!

‘Will you sit down?’ said Sir Robert. To Vaughan’s surprise, the great man’s voice and manner were more friendly than he had ever known them. Indeed, in comparison of the lion of last evening he was but a mouse. ‘In the first place,’ he continued suavely, ‘I am obliged to you for your compliance with my wishes.’

Vaughan murmured that he had come at no inconvenience to himself.

‘I hope not,’ Sir Robert replied. ‘In the next place, let me say that we have to speak to you on a matter of the first importance; a matter, also, on which we have the advantage of knowledge which you have not. It is my desire, therefore, Mr. Vaughan, to admit you to a parity with us in that respect, before you express yourself on any subject on which we are likely to differ.’

Vaughan looked keenly, almost suspiciously, at him; and an observer would have noticed that there was a closer likeness between the two men than the slender tie of blood warranted.

'If it is a question, Sir Robert,' he said slowly, 'of the subject on which we differed last evening, I would prefer, I would certainly prefer to say at once——'

'Don't!' Wetherell, who was seated within a long reach of him, struck in. 'Don't!' And he laid an elephantine and not over-clean hand on Vaughan's knee. 'You can spill words as easy as water,' he continued, 'and they are as hard to pick up again. Hear what Vermuyden has to say, and what I've to say—'t isn't much—and then blow your trumpet. If you've any breath left!' he added *sotto voce*, as he threw himself back.

Vaughan hesitated a moment. Then 'Very good,' he said, 'if you will hear me afterwards. But——'

'But and If are two wenches always raising trouble!' Wetherell cried in his coarse fashion. 'Do you listen, Mr. Vaughan. Do you listen. Now, Vermuyden, go on.'

But Sir Robert did not seem to have words at command. He took a pinch of snuff from the gold box he held: and he opened his mouth to resume; but he hesitated. At length, 'What I have to tell you, Mr. Vaughan,' he said, in a voice more diffident than usual, 'had perhaps been more properly told by my attorney to yours. I fully admit that,' dusting the snuff from his frill. 'And it would have been so told, but for—but for exigencies not immediately connected with it, which are nevertheless so pressing as to—as to induce me to take the one step immediately possible. Less regular, but immediately possible! In spite of this, you will believe, I am sure, that I do not wish to take any advantage of you other than'—he paused with an embarrassed look at Wetherell—'other than that which my position gives me. For the rest I'—he looked again at his snuff-box and hesitated—'I think—I——'

'You'd better come to the point!' Wetherell growled impatiently, jerking his ungainly person back in his chair, and lurching forward again. 'To the point, man! Shall I tell him?'

Sir Robert straightened himself with a sigh of relief. 'If you please,' he said, 'I think you had better. It—it may come better from you, as you are not interested.'

Vaughan looked from the one to the other, and wondered what on earth they meant, and what they would be at. His cordial reception, followed by this strange exordium; the festive preparations; the presence of the three men seated about him, and all, it seemed, ill at ease—these things begot instinctive misgivings, and an uneasiness, which it was not in the power of reason to hold

futile. What were they meditating? What threat, what inducement? And what meant this strange illumination of the house? It could be nothing to him. And yet—but Wetherell was speaking.

‘Mr. Vaughan,’ he said gruffly—and he swayed himself, as was his habit, to and fro in his seat, ‘my friend here, and your kinsman, has made a discovery of—of the utmost possible importance to him; and, speaking candidly, of scarcely less importance to you. I don’t know whether you read the trash they call novels now-a-days,’ “The Disowned” he snorted with contempt ‘and “Tremayne” and the rest? I hope not! I don’t! But it’s something devilish like the stuff they put in them that I’ve to tell you. You’ll believe it or not, as you please. You think yourself heir to the Stapylton estates? Of course, you do. Sir Robert has no more than a life-interest, and if he has no children, the reversion in fee, as we lawyers call it, is yours. Just so. But if he has children, son or daughter, you are ousted, Mr. Vaughan.’

‘Are you going to tell me,’ Vaughan said, his face grown suddenly rigid, ‘that he has children?’ His heart was beating furiously under his waistcoat, but, taken aback as he was, he maintained outward composure.

‘That’s it,’ Wetherell answered bluntly.

‘Then——’

‘He has a daughter.’

‘It will have to be proved!’ Vaughan said slowly and in the tone of a man who chose his words. And he rose to his feet. He felt, perhaps he was justified in feeling, that they had taken him at a disadvantage; that they had treated him unfairly in trapping him thither, one to three, that they might see, perhaps, how he took it. Not—his thoughts travelled rapidly over the facts known to him—that the thing could be true! The punishment for last night’s revolt fell too pat, too *à propos*, he did not believe it! And besides, it could not be true. For Lady Vermuyden lived, and there could be no question of a concealed marriage, or a low-born family! ‘It will have to be proved!’ he repeated firmly. ‘And is matter rather for my lawyers than for me!’

Sir Robert, too, had risen to his feet. But it was Wetherell who answered him.

‘Perhaps so!’ he said. ‘Perhaps so. Indeed I admit it, young sir! It will have to be proved. But——’

‘It should have been told to them rather than to me!’ Vaughan repeated with a sparkling eye. And he turned as if he were deter-

mined to treat them as hostile and to have nothing further to say to them.

But Wetherell stopped him. 'Stay, young man!' he said. 'And be ashamed of yourself! You forget yourself!' And before Vaughan, stung and angry, could retort upon him, 'You forget,' he continued, 'that this touches another as closely as it touches you—and more closely! You are a gentleman, sir, and Sir Robert's kinsman. Have you no word, then, for him?' pointing, with a gesture roughly eloquent, to his host. 'You lose, but have you no word for him who gains? You lose, but is it nothing to him that he finds himself childless no longer, heirless no longer? That his house is no longer lonely, his hearth no longer empty! Man alive,' he added, dropping with honest indignation to a low note, 'you lose, but what does he not gain? And have you no word, no generous thought for him? Bah!' throwing himself back in his seat. 'Poor human nature!'

'Still it must be proved,' Vaughan answered sullenly; though in his heart he acknowledged the truth of the man's reproach.

'Granted!' Wetherell retorted. 'But will you not hear what it is that has to be proved? If so, sit down, sir, sit down, and hear like a man what we have to tell you. Will you do that?' he continued, in a tone of exasperation, which did but reflect the slowly hardening expression of Sir Robert's face, 'or are you quite a fool?'

Vaughan hesitated, looking with angry eyes on Wetherell. Then he sat down. 'Am I to understand,' he said coldly, 'that this is news to Sir Robert?'

'It was news to him yesterday.'

Vaughan bowed, and was silent; aware that a more generous demeanour would become him better, but unable to compass it on the spur of the moment. He was ignorant—unfortunately—of the spirit in which he had been summoned: consequently he could not guess that every word he uttered rang churlishly in the ears of his listeners. He was not a churl; but he was taken unfairly, as it seemed to him. And to be called upon in the first moment of chagrin to congratulate Sir Robert on an event which ruined his own prospects and changed his life—was too much. Too much! But again Wetherell was speaking.

'You shall know from the beginning what we know,' he said, in his heavy melancholy way. 'You are aware that Sir Robert married—in the year '10, was it not? Yes, in the year '10, and

that Lady Vermuyden bore him one child, a daughter, who died in Italy in the year '15. It appears now—we are in a position to prove, I think—that that child did not die in that year, nor in any year; but is now alive, is in this country, and can be perfectly identified.'

Vaughan coughed. 'This is strange news,' he said, 'after all these years. And somewhat sudden, is it not?'

Sir Robert's face grew harder, but Wetherell only shrugged his shoulders. 'If you will listen,' he replied, 'you will know all that we know. It is no secret, at any rate in this room it is no secret, that in the year '14 Sir Robert fancied that he had grave reason to be displeased with Lady Vermuyden. It was thought by her friends that a better feeling might be produced by a temporary separation, and the child's health afforded a pretext. Accordingly Sir Robert suffered Lady Vermuyden to take it abroad, her suite consisting of a courier, a maid, and a nurse. The nurse she sent back to England not long afterwards, on the plea that an Italian woman, from whom the child might learn the language, would be better. In this, I believe, for my part, that she acted *bonâ-fide*. But in other respects,' puffing out his cheeks, 'her conduct was such as to alarm her husband; and in terms, perhaps too peremptory, Sir Robert bade her return at once—or cease to consider his house as her home. Her answer was the announcement of the child's death.'

'And that it did not die,' Vaughan murmured, 'as Lady Vermuyden said?'

'We have this evidence. But first let me say that Sir Robert, on the receipt of the news, set out for Italy overland. The Hundred Days stopped him, however; he could not cross France, and he returned without certifying the child's death. He had indeed no suspicion, no reason for suspicion. Well, then, for evidence that it did not die. The courier is dead, and there remains only the maid. She is alive, she is here, she is in this house. And it is from her that we have learned the truth.'

He paused a moment, brooding in his fat melancholy way on the pattern of the carpet between his feet. Sir Robert, with a face grown very hard, sat upright, listening to the tale of his misfortunes—and doubtless suffered torments as he listened.

'Her story,' Wetherell resumed—possibly he had been arranging his thoughts—is this. Lady Vermuyden was living at that time a life of the wildest gaiety; she had no affection for the child; if the

woman is to be believed, she hated it. To part with it was nothing to her, one way or the other; and on receipt of Sir Robert's order to return, her ladyship conceived the idea of punishing him, by abducting the child and telling him it was dead. She set out from Florence with it; on the way she left it at Orvieto in charge of the Italian nurse, and, arriving in Rome, she put about the story of its death. Shortly afterwards she had it conveyed to England and bred up in an establishment near London—always with the aid and connivance of her maid.'

'The maid's name?' Vaughan asked.

'Herapath—Martha Herapath. But to proceed. By-and-by Lady Vermuyden returned to England, and settled at Brighton, and the maid left her and married, but continued to draw a pension from her. Lady Vermuyden persisted here, in the company of Lady Conyng—but I need name no names—in the same course of giddiness, if no worse, which she had pursued abroad; and gave little, if any, heed to the child. But this woman Herapath never forgot that the pension she enjoyed was dependant on her power to prove the truth; and when a short time back the girl, now fully grown, was withdrawn from her knowledge, she grew restive. She sought Lady Vermuyden, always a creature of impulse; and when her ladyship, foolish in this as in all things, refused to meet her views, she—she came to us,' lifting his head abruptly and looking at Vaughan, 'and told us the story.'

'It will have to be proved,' Vaughan said stubbornly.

'No doubt,' Wetherell replied, 'strictly proved. In the meantime, if you would like to peruse the facts in greater detail, they are here, as taken down from the woman's mouth.' He drew from his capacious breast-pocket a manuscript consisting of several sheets. He unfolded it and flattened it on his knee. Finally he handed it to Vaughan.

The young man took it, without looking at Sir Robert; and, with his thoughts in a whirl, he read it line after line without taking in a single word. For all the time his brain was at work measuring the change. His modest competence would be left to him. He would have enough to live as he was now living, and to pursue his career; or, in the alternative, he might settle down as a small squire in his paternal home in South Wales. But the great inheritance which had loomed large in the background of his life, and had been more to him than he had admitted, the future dignities which he had undervalued while he thought them certain, the position

more enviable than many a peer's, and higher by its traditions than any to which he could attain by his own exertions though he reached the woolsack—these were gone, if Wetherell's tale was true. Gone in a moment, at a word! And though he might have lost more, though many a man had lost his all by such a stroke and smiled, he could not on the instant smile. He could not in a moment oust all bitterness. He knew that he was taking the news unworthily; that he was playing a poor part. But he could not force himself to play a better—on the instant. When he had read with unseeing eyes to the bottom of the first page, and had turned it mechanically, he let the papers fall upon his knee.

'You do not wish me,' he said slowly, 'to express an opinion now—I suppose?'

'No,' Wetherell answered. 'Certainly not. But I have not quite done. I have not quite done,' he repeated ponderously. 'I should tell you that for opening the matter to you now—we have two reasons, Mr. Vaughan. Two reasons. First, we think it due to you, as one of the family. And secondly, Vermuyden desires that from the beginning his intentions shall be clear and—be understood.'

'I thoroughly understand them,' Vaughan replied dryly. No one was more conscious than he that he was behaving ill.

'That is just what you do not!' Wetherell retorted stolidly. 'You spill words, young man, and by-and-by you will wish to pick them up again. You cannot anticipate, at any rate you have no right to anticipate Sir Robert's intentions, of which he has asked me to be the mouthpiece. The estate, of course, and the settled funds must go to his daughter. But there is, it appears, a large sum arising from the economical management of the property, which is at his disposal. He feels,' Wetherell continued sombrely, an elbow on each knee and his eyes on the floor, 'that some injustice has been done to you, and he desires to compensate you for that injustice. He proposes, therefore, to secure to you the succession to two-thirds of this sum; which amounts—which amounts, in the whole, I believe—' here he looked at White—'to little short of eighty thousand pounds.'

Vaughan, who had been more than once on the point of interrupting him, did so at last. 'I could not accept it!' he exclaimed, impulsively. And he rose, with a hot face, from his seat. 'I could not accept it.'

'As a legacy?' Wetherell, who was said to be fond of money,

returned with a queer look. 'As a legacy, eh? Why not?' While Sir Robert, with compressed lips, almost repented of his generosity. He had looked for some show of good feeling, some word of sympathy, some felicitation from the young man, who after all was his blood relation. But if his return was to be of this sort, if his advances were to be met with suspicion, his benevolence with churlishness, then all, all in this young man was of a piece—and detestable!

And certainly Vaughan was not showing himself in the best light. But he could not change his attitude in a moment. Under no circumstances is it an easy thing to take a gift with grace: to take one with grace under these circumstances, and when he had already misbehaved, was beyond him. As it would have been beyond most men.

For a moment, drawn this way by his temper, that way by his better feelings, he did not know how to answer Wetherell's last words. At length and lamely, 'May I ask,' he said, 'why Sir Robert makes me this offer—while the matter lies open?'

'Sir Robert will prove his case,' Wetherell answered gruffly, 'if that is what you mean.'

'I mean——'

'He does not ask you to surrender anything.'

'I am bound to say, then,' Vaughan replied, melting, and speaking with warmth, 'that the offer is very generous, most generous! But——'

'He asks you to surrender nothing,' Wetherell repeated stolidly, his face between his knees.

'But I still think it is premature,' Vaughan persisted. 'And handsome as it is, more than handsome as it is, I think that it would come with greater force, were my position first made clear!'

'May be,' Wetherell said, his face still hidden. 'I don't deny that.'

'As it is,' with a deep breath, 'I am taken by surprise. I do not know what to say. I find it hard to say anything—in the first flush of the matter.' And Vaughan looked from one to the other. 'So, for the present, with Sir Robert's permission,' he continued, 'and without any slight to his generosity, I will take leave. If he is good enough to repeat on some future occasion this very handsome—this uncalled-for and generous offer which he has now outlined, I shall know, I hope, what is due to him, without forgetting what is due also to myself. In the meantime I have only to thank him, and——'

But the belated congratulation, which was on his lips and which might have altered many things, was not to be uttered. 'One moment!' Sir Robert struck in, 'one moment!' He spoke with a hardness born of long-suppressed irritation. 'You have taken your stand, Mr. Vaughan, strictly on the defensive, I see——'

'But I think you understand——'

'Strictly on the defensive,' the baronet repeated, requiring silence by a gesture. 'You must not be surprised, therefore, if I—nay, let me speak!—if I also say a word on a point which touches me.'

'I wouldn't!' Wetherell growled in his deep voice. And for an instant he raised his huge face, and looked stolidly at the wall before him.

But Sir Robert was not to be bidden. 'I think otherwise,' he said. 'Mr. Vaughan, the Election to-morrow touches me very nearly—in more ways than one. The vote you have, you received at my hands, and hold only as my heir. I take it for granted, therefore, that under the present circumstances you will use it as I desire.'

'Oh!' Vaughan said. And, drawing himself up to his full height, he removed his eyes from one to the other with a singular smile. 'Oh!' he repeated—and there was a world of meaning in his tone. 'Am I to understand then——'

'I have made myself quite clear,' Sir Robert cried, his manner betraying his agitation.

'Am I to understand,' Vaughan repeated, 'that the offer which you made me a few minutes back, the generous and handsome offer,' he continued, with a faint note of irony in his voice, 'was dependent on my conduct to-morrow? Am I to understand that?'

'If you please to put it so,' Sir Robert replied, his voice quivering with the resentment he had long and patiently suppressed. 'And if your own sense of honour does not dictate to you how to act.'

'But do you put it so?'

'Do you mean——'

'I mean,' Vaughan said, 'does the offer depend on the use I make of my vote to-morrow? That is the point, Sir Robert!'

'No,' Wetherell muttered indistinctly.

But again Sir Robert would not be bidden. 'I will be frank,' he said haughtily. 'And my answer is, Yes! Yes! For I do not conceive, I cannot conceive, Mr. Vaughan, that a gentleman would take so great a benefit, and refuse so slight a service! A service, too, which, quite apart from this offer, most men——'

'Thank you,' Vaughan replied, striking in. 'That is clear enough.' And he looked from one to the other with the look of a man suddenly reinstated in his own opinion, and once more master of his company. 'Now I understand,' he continued. 'I see now why the offer which a few minutes ago seemed so premature, so strangely premature, was made this evening. To-morrow it had been made too late! My vote had been cast, and I could no longer be—bribed!'

'Bribed, sir?' Sir Robert cried, red with anger.

'Yes, bribed, sir. But let me tell you,' Vaughan went on, allowing the bitterness which he had been feeling to appear, 'let me tell you, Sir Robert, that if not only my future but my present, if my all were at stake—I should resent such an offer as an insult.'

Sir Robert took a step towards the bell and stopped.

'An insult!' Vaughan repeated firmly. 'As great an insult as I should inflict upon you were I unwise enough to do the errand I was asked to do a week ago—by a Cabinet Minister. And offered you, Sir Robert, here in your own house, a peerage conditional on your support of the Bill!'

'A peerage?' Sir Robert's eyes seemed to be starting from his head. 'A peerage! Conditional on my——'

'Yes, sir, conditional on your renunciation of those opinions which you honestly hold as I honestly hold mine!' Vaughan repeated. 'I will make the offer if you wish it.'

Wetherell rose ponderously. 'See here!' he said. 'Listen to me, will you, you two! You, Vermuyden, as well as the young man. You will both be sorry for what you are saying now! Listen to me! Listen to me, man!'

But the baronet was already tugging at the bell-rope. He was no longer red; he was white with anger. And not without reason. This whipper-snapper, this pettifogging lad, just out of his teens, to talk to him of peerages, to patronise him, to offer him—to—to—

For a moment he stammered and could not speak. At last, 'Enough! Enough, sir, leave my house!' he cried, shaking from head to foot with passion, and losing, for the first time in many years, his self-control. 'Leave my house,' he repeated furiously, 'and never set foot in it again! Not a pound and not a penny will you have of mine! Never! Never! Never!'

Vaughan smiled, 'Very good, Sir Robert,' he said, shrugging his shoulders. 'Your fortune is your own. But——'

'Begone, sir! Not another word, but go!'

Vaughan raised his eyebrows, bowed in a ceremonious fashion to Wetherell, and nodded to White, who stood petrified and gaping. Then he walked slowly through that room and the next, and with one backward smile—vanished.

And this time, as he passed through the hall, narrowly missing Flixton, who was leaving the dining-room, there could be no doubt that the breach was complete, that the small cordiality which had existed between the kinsmen was at an end. The Bill, which had played so many mischievous tricks, severed so many friends, broken the ties of so many years, had dealt no one a more spiteful blow than it had dealt Arthur Vaughan.

[CHAPTER XVII.]

THE CHIPPINGE ELECTION.

THE great day was come. Before night the borough of Chippinge must give its vote for reform or no reform, the rule of the few or the rule of the many. In the meantime, in the large room on the first floor of the 'White Lion' were assembled a score of those who on the Tory side were most interested in the issue. The greater number, who had places at the three windows, had a view of what was going forward in the space below; and it was noticeable that while the two or three who remained in the background talked and joked, these were silent; possibly because the uproar without made hearing difficult. The hour was early, the business of the day was to come; but already the hubbub was indescribable. Nor was that all. Every minute some missile, a much-enduring cabbage-stalk, or a dead cat in Tory colours, rose to a level with the windows, hovered, and sank—amid a storm of groans or cheers. For the most part, it is true, these missiles fell harmless. But that the places of honour at the windows were not altogether places of safety was proved by a couple of shattered panes, as well as by the sickly hue of some of the spectators' faces.

Nearly all who had attended the Vermuyden dinner were in the room. But, for certain, things which had worn one aspect across the mahogany wore another now. At the table old and young had made light of the shoving and mauling and drubbing through which they had forced their way to the good things before them; they had even made a jest of the bit of a rub they were likely to

have on the polling day. Now the sight of the noisy crowd which filled the open space, from the head of the High Street to the wall of the Abbey, and from the Vineyard east of it, almost to the West Port, made their bones ache. They looked, even the boldest, at one another. The heart of Dewell, the barber, was in his boots; the Rector stared aghast; and Mowatt, the barrister, Arthur Vaughan's ill-found friend, wished for once that he was on the vulgar side.

True, the doors of the 'White Lion' were guarded by a sturdy phalanx of Vermuyden lads; mustered with what difficulty, and kept together by what arguments, White best knew. But what were two or three score, however faithful and however strong, against the hundreds and thousands who swayed and cheered and groaned before the inn; who swarmed upon the old town cross until they hid every inch of the crumbling stonework; who clung to every niche and buttress of the Abbey, and from whose mass as from a sea the solitary church spire rose as rises some lighthouse cut off by the breakers; who now, forgetful of their Wiltshire birth, cheered the Birmingham tub-thumper to the echo, and now roared stern assent to the wildest statements of the Political Union?

True, a dozen banners and thrice as many flags gave something of a festive air to the scene. But the timid, who tried to draw solace from these, retreated, appalled by the daring 'Death or Freedom!' inscribed on one banner, or by the scarcely less bold 'The Sovereign People' which bellied above the clothiers. Granted, the majority of the placards bore nothing worse than the watchword of the party, 'The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill!' or 'Retrenchment and Reform!' or—in reference to the King—'God bless the two Bills!' But for all that, Dewell the barber—and some more who would not have confessed it—wished the day well over and no bones broken. A great day for Chippinge, but a day on which many an old score was like to be paid, many a justice to hear the commonalty's opinion of him, many a man who had thriven under the old rule to read the writing on the wall!

Certainly nothing like the spectacle visible from the 'White Lion' windows had been seen in Chippinge within living memory. The Abbey—which had seen the last of the mitred Abbots pass out, shorn of his strength, and with weeping townsfolk about him in lieu of belted knights—that pile, stately in its ruin, which had witnessed a revolution greater even and more tragic than this which impended—might have viewed its pair, might have seen its precincts seethe

as they seethed now. But no living man. Nor did those who scanned the crowd from the 'White Lion' find aught to lessen its terrors. There were indeed plenty of decent, respectable people in the throng who, though set on gaining their rights, had no notion of violence. But wood burns when it is kindled; and here at the corner of the 'Heart and Hand,' the Whig headquarters, was a spark like to light the fire—Boston, the bruiser, and a dozen of his fellows from Bristol, men, one and all, the idols of the yokels who stood about them and stared. Pybus, who had brought them hither, was not to be seen; he was weaving his spells in the 'Heart and Hand.' But Mr. Williams, 'White-Hat Williams,' the richest man in Chippinge, who, long voteless, had thirsted to see this day—he was here at the head of his clothmen, and as fierce as the poorest. And half a dozen lesser men of the same kind were present: sallow Blackford the Methodist, the fugleman of every dissenter within ten miles; with two or three small lawyers whom the landlords did not employ, and two or three apothecaries who were in the same case. These, with one or two famished curates, who had Sydney Smith for their warrant, and with a sprinkling of spouters from the big towns—men who had the glories of Orator Hunt and William Cobbett before their eyes—led the party. But everywhere, working in the mass like yeast, moved a score of bitter malcontents, whom the old system had bruised under foot: poachers whom the gentry had jailed, or the lovers of maids as frail as fair, or labourers whom the Poor Laws had crushed—a score of rogues whose grievances, long muttered in pothouses, now flared to light and cried for vengeance. In a word, there were the elements of mischief in the crowd, and under the surface an ugly spirit. Even the most peaceable were grim, knowing that it was now or never. So that the faces at the 'White Lion' windows grew longer as their owners gazed and listened.

'I don't know what's come to the people!' the Rector bawled, turning about to make himself heard by his neighbour. 'Eh, what?'

'I'd like to see Lord Grey hanged!' answered Squire Rowley, his face purple. 'And Lord Lansdowne with him! What do you say, sir?' to Serjeant Wathen.

'Fortunate a show of hands don't carry it!' the Serjeant cried, shrugging his shoulders with an assumption of easiness.

'Carry it? Of course we'll carry it!' the Squire replied wrathfully. 'I suppose two and two still make four!'

Isaac White, who was whispering with a man in a corner of the

room, wished he was sure of that ; or, rather, that three and two made six. But the Squire was continuing. 'Bah !' he cried in disgust. 'Give these people votes ? Look at 'em ! Look at 'em, sir ! Votes, indeed ! Votes, indeed ! Give 'em oakum, I say !'

He forgot that nine tenths of those below were as good as the voters at his elbow, who were presently to return two members for Chippinge. Or rather, it did not occur to him, good old Tory as he was, and convinced,

'Twas the Jacobins brought every mischief about,

that Dewell's vote was Dewell's, or Annibal's Annibal's.

Meanwhile, 'I wish we were safe at the hustings !' young Mowatt shouted in the ear of the man who stood in front of him.

The man chanced to be Cooke, the other candidate. He turned. 'At the hustings ?' he said irascibly. 'Do you mean, sir, that we are expected to fight our way through this rabble ?'

'I am afraid we must,' Mowatt answered.

'Then it—it has been d——d badly arranged !' retorted the outraged Cooke, who never forgot that as he paid well for his seat it ought to be a soft one. 'Go through this mob, and have our heads broken ?'

The faces of those who could hear him grew long. 'And it wants only five minutes to ten,' complained a third. 'We ought to be going now.'

'D——n me, but suppose they don't let us go !' cried Cooke. 'Badly arranged ! I should think it is, sir ! D——d badly arranged ! The hustings should have been on this side.'

But hitherto the hustings at Chippinge had been a matter of form ; and it had not occurred to anyone to alter their position—cheek by jowl with the Whig headquarters, but divided by seventy yards of seething mob from the 'White Lion.' However, White, on an appeal being made to him, put a better face on the matter. 'It's all right, gentlemen,' he said, 'it's all right ! If they have the hustings, we have the returning officer, and they can do nothing without us. I've seen Mr. Pybus, and I have his safe-conduct for our party to go to the hustings.'

But it is hard to satisfy everybody, and at this there was a fresh outcry. 'A safe-conduct ?' cried old Squire Rowley, redder about the gills than before. 'For shame, sir ! Are we to be indebted to the other side for a safe-conduct ? I never heard of such a thing !'

'I quite agree with you,' cried the Rector. 'Quite ! I protest, Mr. White, against anything of the kind.'

But White was unmoved. 'We've got to get our voters there,' he said. 'Sir Robert will be displeased, I know, but ——'

'Never was such a thing heard of!'

'No, sir, but never was such an election,' White answered with spirit.

'Where is Sir Robert?'

'He'll be here presently,' White replied. 'He'll be here presently. Anyway, gentlemen,' he continued, 'we had better be going down to the hall. In a body, gentlemen, if you please, and voters in the middle. And keep together, if you please. A little shouting,' he added cheerfully, 'breaks no bones. We can shout too!'

The thing was unsatisfactory, without precedent; nay, humiliating. But there seemed to be nothing else for it. As White said, this election was not as other elections. Bath was lost, and Bristol, too, it was whispered; the country was gone mad. And so, frowning and ill-content, the magnates trooped out, and, led by White, began to descend the stairs. There was much confusion, one asking if the Alderman was there, another demanding to see Sir Robert, here a man grumbling about White's arrangements, there a man silent over the discovery, made perhaps for the first time, that here was like to be an end of old Toryism and the loaves and the fishes it had dispensed.

In the hall, where the party was reinforced by a crowd of their smaller supporters, a man plucked White's sleeve and drew him aside. 'She's out now!' he whispered. 'Pybus has left two with him and they won't leave him for me. But if you went and ordered them out there's a chance they'd go, and——'

'The doctor's not there?'

'No, and Pillinger's well enough to come, if you put it strong. He's afraid of his wife, and they've got him body and soul, but——'

White cast a despairing eye on the confusion about him. 'How can I come?' he muttered. 'I must get these to the poll first.'

'Then you'll never do it,' the man retorted. 'There'll be no coming and going to-day, Mr. White, you take it from me. Now's the time, while they're waiting for you in front. You can slip out at the back, and bring him in and take him with you. It's the only way, so help me! They're in that temper we'll be lucky if we're alive to-morrow.'

The man was right; and White knew it, yet he hesitated. If he

had had an aide fit for the task, the thing might be done. But to go himself, he, on whom everything fell ! He reflected. Possibly Arthur Vaughan might not vote for the enemy after all. But if he did, Sir Robert would poll only five to six, and be beaten, unless he polled Pillinger ; when the returning officer's vote, of which he was sure, would give him the election. Pillinger's vote, therefore, was vital ; everything turned upon it ; and White determined to go. His absence could only cause a little delay, and he must risk that. He slipped away.

He was missed at once, and the discovery redoubled the confusion. One asked where he was, and another where Sir Robert was ; while Cooke, in tones louder and more irritable than was prudent, found fresh fault, and wished to Heaven that he had never seen the place. Long accustomed to one-sided contests of which both parties knew the issue, the Tory managers were helpless ; they were aware that the hour had struck, and that they were expected, but without White they were uncertain how to act. Some cried that White had gone on, and that they should follow ; some that Sir Robert was to meet them at the hustings, others that they might as well be at home as waiting there ; while the babel without deafened and distracted them, and at last, without order given, they found themselves moving out.

Their reception did not clear their brains. Such a roar of execration as greeted them had never been heard in Chippinge ; the hair on Dewell the barber's head stood up, the Alderman's cheek grew pale, Cooke dropped his cane, the stoutest flinched. Changed indeed were the times from those, a year or two past, when their exit had been greeted by sycophantic cheers, or, at the worst, by a little good-humoured jesting ! Now the whole multitude in the open, not in one part, but in every part, knew as by instinct of their setting forth, brandished on the instant a thousand arms at them, deafened them with a thousand voices, demanded monotonously 'The Bill ! The Bill !' Nor had the demonstration stopped there, but for the intervention of a body of a hundred Whig stalwarts, who, posting themselves on the flanks of the derided procession, conferred on its slow march an ignoble safety.

No wonder that many a one who found himself thus guarded rubbed his eyes. The times were changed indeed. No more despotism of Squire and Parson, no more monopoly of places, no more nominated members, no more elections that did but mock

men who had no share in them, no more Cripples, no more snug jobs ! The Tories might agree with Mr. Fudge,

That this passion for roaring had come in of late
Since the rabble all tried for a voice in the State,

and foretell the ruinous outcome of it. But the thing was ; the many-headed, the many-handed had them in its grip. They must go meekly, or not at all ; with visions of French fish-fags and guillotines before their eyes, and wondering, most of them—as they tried to show a bold front, tried to wave their banners and give some answering shout to the sea which beat upon them—how they would get home again with whole skins !

Perhaps there was only one of them who never stooped to that thought ; he who, alone of them all, was unaware of the precaution taken for his safety. That was Sir Robert Vermuyden, the master of all, the patron, the great man. Attended by Bob Flixton, who had come with him from Bristol to see the fun—and whose voice, it will be remembered, Vaughan had overheard at Stapylton the evening before—and by two or three other guests, he had entered the 'White Lion' from the rear ; arriving in time to fall in, somewhat surprised at his supporters' precipitation, at the tail of the procession. The moment he was recognised by the crowd, he was greeted with a roar of 'Down with the Borough-Monger !' that fairly appalled his companions. But he faced it calmly, imperturbably, quietly ; a little paler, a little prouder, and a little sterner than before, but with a gleam in his eyes that had not been seen in them for years. For answer to all he smiled ; and it is probable that, as much as any hour in his life, he enjoyed this hour, which put him to the test before those over whom he had ruled so long. His caste might be passing, the days of his power might be numbered, the waves of democracy might be rising about the system in which he believed the safety of England to lie ; but no man should see him falter. No veteran of the old *noblesse* in days which Sir Robert could remember had gone to his fate more proudly than the English patrician was prepared to go to his. And though worse than the guillotine awaited him.

His contemptuous attitude, his fearless bearing, impressed even the crowd ; appreciative, at bottom, of courage. And presently, where he turned his cold smiling eyes, they gaped instead of hissing ; and one here and there, under the magic of his look, doffed hat or carried hand to forehead, and henceforth was mute. And so great

is the sympathy of all parts of a mob that this silence spread quickly, mysteriously, at last wholly. So that when he, last of his party, stepped on the hustings, there was for a moment a complete stillness: a stillness of expectation, while he looked round; such a stillness as startled the leaders of the opposition. It could not be—it could not be that, after all, the old lion would prove too much for them!

White-Hat Williams roared aloud in his rage. 'Up hats and shout, lads,' he yelled, 'or by G—d the d——d Tories will do us after all! Are you afraid of them, you lubbers! Shout, lads, shout!'

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CHIPPINGE ELECTION (*continued*).

THE beast that was in the crowd answered to the spur. 'Ye've robbed us long enough, ye old rascal!' a harsh Midland voice shrieked over the heads of the throng. 'We'll have our rights now, you blood-sucker!' And 'Boo! Boo!' the lower elements of the mob broke forth. And then in stern cadence, 'The Bill! The Bill! The Bill!'

'Out of Egypt, and out of the House of Bondage!' shrieked a Methodist above the hubbub.

'Ay, ay!'

'Slaves no longer!'

'No! No! No!'

'Hear that, ye hoary tyrant!' in a woman's shrill tones. 'Who jailed my man for a hare?'

A roar of laughter which somewhat cleared the air followed this. Sir Robert smiled grimly.

The hustings, a strong wooden platform, raised four feet above the ground, rested against the Abbey gateway. In front it was closed only by a stout railing, and so public was it, and so exposed its dangerous eminence, that the more timid of the unpopular party were no sooner upon it than they yearned for the safe obscurity of the common level. Of the three booths into which the interior was divided, the midmost was reserved for the returning officer and his staff.

Bob Flixton, who kept close to Sir Robert's elbow, looked down

on the sea of jeering faces. 'I tell you what it is,' he muttered. 'We're going to have a confounded row!'

Mowatt, at some distance from him, was of the same opinion, but regarded the outlook differently. 'It's my belief,' he said, 'that we shall all be murdered.'

And 'D——n the Bill!' old Squire Rowley ejaculated. 'The people are off their heads! Jack is as good as his master, and better too!'

These four, with the candidates, were in the front row. The Rector, the Alderman, and one or two of the neighbouring gentry, shared the honour, and faced as well as they could the hooting and yelling, and the occasional missile. In the front of the other booth were White-Hat Williams and Blackford the minister, Mr. Wrench the candidate, wreathed in smiles, a couple of Whig gentry from the Bowood side, a curate of the same colour, Pybus—and Arthur Vaughan!

A thrill ran through Sir Robert's supporters when they saw his young kinsman on the other side; actually on the other side and publicly arrayed against them. Their hearts, already low, sank a peg lower. Of evil omens this seemed the worst; sunk is the cause the young desert! And many were the curious eyes which searched the renegade's features and strove to read his thoughts.

But in vain. His head high, his face firmly composed, Vaughan looked stonily before him. Nor was it possible to say whether he was really unmoved, was stolidly indifferent, or merely masked agitation. Sir Robert on his side never looked at him, nor betrayed the least sense of his presence. But he knew. He knew! And with the first bitter presage of defeat—for he was not a man to be intimidated by noise—he repeated his vow, 'Not a pound, nor a penny! Never! Never!' This public renunciation, this wanton defiance—he would never forgive it! Henceforth, it must be war to the knife between them! No thousands, no compensation, no compromise! As the young man was sowing, so he should reap! He, who, in its darkest hour, not only insulted but abandoned his family, what punishment was too severe for him?

Vaughan could make a good guess at the old autocrat's feelings: and he averted his eyes with care. The proceedings were opened, and he listened languidly; until, midway in the reading of some document which no one heeded—the crowd jeering and flouting merrily—he caught a new note in the turmoil. The next moment he was conscious of a swirling movement among those below him, there was a

rush of the throng to his right, and he turned his head to see what it meant.

A man, one of a group of three or four who appeared to be trying to push their way through the crowd, was being hustled and flung to and fro, amid jeers and taunts. The man was striving to gain the hustings, but was still some way from it; and his chance of reaching it with his clothes on his back seemed small. Vaughan saw so much. Then the man lost his temper, and struck a blow. It was returned—and then, not till then, Vaughan saw that the man was Isaac White. He cried ‘Shame!’ and had passed one leg over the barrier, to go to the rescue, when he saw that another was before him. Sir Robert’s tall spare figure appeared below, among the crowd. His eyes, his masterful air, still had power; the press opened instinctively before his sharp command. He had reached White, had extricated him, and had turned to make good his retreat, when it seemed to strike the more brutal element in the crowd—for the most part strangers to him—that here was the prime enemy of the cause, on foot amongst them, at their mercy! A rush was made at his back. He turned undaunted, White and two more at his side; the rabble recoiled. But when he turned his face again to the hustings a second rush was made, and they were upon him, and hustled him before he could turn. A man with a long stick struck off his hat, another—a lout with a cockade of amber and blue, the Whig colours—tried to trip him up. He stumbled. At the same moment a third man knocked White down.

‘Yah! Down with him!’ roared the crowd with delight. ‘Down with the Borough-Monger!’

But Vaughan who had anticipated rather than seen the stumble, was over the rail, and by this time, cleaving the crowd, was at Sir Robert’s side. He reached him a little in front of Bob Flixton, who had descended to the rescue from the other end of the booth. Vaughan hurled back the man who had tripped Sir Robert, and who was still trying to throw him down; and the sight of the amber and blue which the new champion wore checked the assailants, and gave White time to rise.

Vaughan was furious. ‘Back, you cowards!’ he cried. ‘Would you murder an old man? Shame on you!’

‘Ay, you bullies!’ cried Flixton, hitting one on the jaw very neatly—and completely disposing of that one for the day. ‘Back with you!’

On which half-a-dozen of the Tories, taking advantage of the check, surrounded the baronet, and bore him back out of danger. Though Sir Robert was undaunted, he was shaken; and breathing quickly, he let his hand rest for support on the nearest shoulder. It was Vaughan's—and the next instant he saw that it was. And he withdrew the hand as if he had let it rest on a hot iron.

'Mr. Flixton,' he said—the words reached a dozen ears at least—'your arm, if you please. I would rather be without this gentleman's assistance.'

Neither the action nor the words were lost upon Vaughan, whose face flamed hotly. He stepped back with dignity, slightly touched his hat, and returned to his side of the hustings.

But he was wounded and very angry. Alone of his party he had intervened; and this was his reward. When Pybus pushed his way to his side and stooped to his ear, talking quickly and earnestly, he did not repel him.

Episode as it was, the affray appalled the Vermuyden party; White, in particular, took it very seriously. If violence of this sort was to rule, if even Sir Robert's person was not to be respected, he saw that he would not be able to bring his voters to the poll. They would run a risk of losing their lives; and one or two for certain would not dare to vote. The thing must be stopped, and stopped at once. With this in view he made his way to the passage at the back of the hustings, which was common to all three booths; and heated and angry—his cheek was cut by the blow he had received—he called for Pybus. But the press at the back of the hustings was great, and one of White-Hat Williams's foremen, who blocked the gangway, laughed in his face.

'I want to speak to Pybus,' said White, glaring at the man, who on ordinary days would have touched his hat to him.

'Then want 'll be your master,' the other retorted, with a wink. And when White tried to push by him, the man gave him the shoulder.

'Let me pass,' White foamed. No thought of Cobbett now, had the agent. These miserable upstarts, their insolence, their certainty of triumph fired his blood. 'Let me pass!' he repeated.

'See you d—d first!' the other answered bluntly. 'Your game's up, old cock! Your master has held the pit long enough, but his time's come.'

'If you don't—'

'If you put your nose in here, we'll pitch you over the rail!' the other declared.

White almost had a fit. Fortunately White-Hat Williams himself appeared at this moment, and White appealed to him.

'Mr. Williams,' he said, 'is this your safe-conduct?'

'I gave none,' with a grin.

'Pybus did.'

'Ay, for your party! But if you choose to straggle in one by one, we can't be answerable for every single voter,' with a wink. 'Nor for any of you getting back again! No, no, White.

'Beneath the wings of Ministers, and it's the truth I tell,

You've bought us very cheap, good White, and you've sold us very well!

Ha! ha! That's been the ticket! But it's the ticket no longer. There's an end of that! But—what's that?'

That was Sir Robert stepping forward to propose his candidates; or rather, it was the roar, mocking and defiant, which greeted his attempt to do so. It was a roar which made speech impossible. No doubt, among the crowd which filled the space through which he had driven so often with his four horses, the great man, the patron, the master of all, there were some who still respected, and more who feared him; many who would not have insulted him. For if he had used his power stiffly, he had not used it ill. But there were also in the crowd men whose hearts were hot against the exclusiveness which had long effaced them; who believed that freedom or slavery hung on the issue of this day; who saw the prize of a long and bitter effort at stake, and who were set on using every intimidation, ay, and every violence, if victory could not be had without them. In the result, were the others many or few, these swept them away, and infected them with recklessness; these gave that stern and mocking ring to the roar which continued and thwarted all Sir Robert's efforts to make himself heard.

He stood long, facing them, waiting, and never blenching. But after a while his lip curled, and his eyes looked disdain on the mob below him: such disdain as the old Duke in after days hurled at the London rabble, when, for answer to their fulsome cheers, he pointed to the iron shutters of Apsley House. Sir Robert Vermuyden had done something, and thought that he had done more, for the men who yelped and snarled and snapped at him. According to his lights, acting on his maxim, all for the people and

nothing by the people, he had treated them generously, granted all he thought good for them, planned for them, wrought for them. He had been master, but no taskmaster. He had indeed illustrated the better side of that government of the many by the few, of the unfit by the fit, with which he honestly believed that the safety and the greatness of his country were bound up.

And this was their return! No wonder that, seeing things as he saw them, he felt a bitter contempt for them. Freedom? Such freedom as was good for them, such freedom as was permanently possible—they had. And slavery? Was it slavery to be ruled, wisely and firmly, by a class into which they might themselves rise, a class which education and habit had qualified to rule? In his mind's eye, as he looked down on this fretting, seething mass, he saw that which they craved granted, and he saw, too, the outcome: that most cruel of all tyrannies, the tyranny of the many over the few, of the many who have neither a heart to feel nor a body to harm.

Once, twice, thrice one of his supporters thrust himself forward, and, leaning on the rail, appealed with frantic gestures for silence for a hearing, for respect. But each in turn retired baffled. Not a word in that tempest of sound was audible. And no one on the other side intervened. They in the old days had suffered the same thing; it was their turn now. Even Vaughan stood with folded arms and a stern face; feeling the last contempt for the howling rabble before him, but firmly determined to expose himself to no second snub. At last Sir Robert saw that it was hopeless. He shrugged his shoulders with quiet scorn, and, shouting the names of his candidates in a clerk's ear, put on his hat and stood back.

The old Squire seconded him in dumb show.

Then the Serjeant stood forward to state his views. He grasped the rail with both hands and waited with smiling blandness. But he might have waited an hour, he might have waited until night. The leaders for the Bill were determined to make their power felt. They were resolved that not a word on the Tory side should be heard. The Serjeant waited and, after a time, still smiling blandly, bowed and stood back.

It was Mr. Cooke's turn. He advanced. 'Shout, and be d—d to you!' he cried, apoplectic in the face. An egg flew within a yard of him, and, openly shaking his fist at the crowd, he retired amid laughter.

Then White-Hat Williams, who had looked forward to this as to the golden moment of his life, and had conned his oration until he knew its thunderous periods by heart, stepped forward to nominate the Whig candidates. He took off his hat ; and, as if that had been the signal for silence, such a stillness fell on all that his voice rang above the multitude like a trumpet.

‘Gentlemen,’ he said, and smiling looked first to the one side and then to the other. ‘Gentlemen——’

Alas, he smiled too soon ! The Tories grasped the situation, and, furious at the reception which had fallen to the lot of their leaders, determined that if they were not heard, no one should be heard. Before he could utter another word they broke into rabid bellowings, and what their shouts lacked in volume they made up in ill-will. In a twinkling they drowned White-Hat Williams’s voice ; and now who so indignant as the Radicals ? In thirty seconds half-a-dozen single combats were proceeding in front of the Tory booth, blood flowed from as many noses, and, amid a terrific turmoil, respectable men and justices of the peace leant across the barriers and shook their fists and flung frenzied challenges broadcast.

All to no purpose. The Tories, though so much the weaker party, though but one to eight, could not be silenced. After making three or four attempts to gain a hearing, White-Hat Williams saw that he must reserve his oration ; and with a bitter scowl he shouted his names into the ear of the clerk.

‘Who ? Who did he say ?’ growled the Squire, panting with rage and hoarse with shouting. His face was crimson, his cravat was awry, he had lost his hat. ‘Who ? Who ?’

‘Wrench and—one moment, sir !’

‘Eh ? Who do you say ?’

‘I couldn’t hear ! One moment, sir ! Oh, yes ! yes ! Wrench and Vaughan !’

‘Vaughan ?’ old Rowley exclaimed with a profane oath. ‘Impossible !’

But it was not impossible. Though so great was the surprise, so striking the effect upon Sir Robert’s supporters, that for a few seconds something like silence supervened. The serpent ! The serpent ! Here was a blow indeed—in the back.

Then as Blackford, the Methodist, rose to second the nomination, the storm broke out anew and more furiously than before. ‘What ?’ foamed the Squire, ‘be ruled by a rabble of grinning, yelling

monkeys? By gad, I'll leave the country first! I—I hope some-one will shoot that young man! I wish I'd never shaken his hand! By G—d, I'm glad my father is in his grave! He'd never ha' believed this. Never! Never!

And from that time until the poll was in dumb show declared open not a word was audible.

Then at last the shouting of the rival bands sank to a confused babel of jeers, abuse, and laughter. Exhausted men mopped their faces, voiceless men loosened their neck-cloths, the farthest from the hustings went off to drink, and there was a lull until the sound of a drum and fife announced a new event, and forth from the 'Heart and Hand' advanced a procession of five, led by the accursed Dyas.

They were the Whig voters, and they marched proudly to the front of the polling booth, the mob falling back on either side to give them place.

Dyas flung his hat into the booth. 'Wrench and Vaughan!' he cried in a voice which could be heard in the 'White Lion.' 'And I care not who knows it!'

They put to him the bribery oath. 'I can take it,' he answered. 'Swallow it yourselves, if you can!'

'You should know the taste, Jack,' cried a sly friend. And for a moment the laugh was against him.

One by one they voted; the process was slow in those days, the qualifications of each voter being examined on the spot. 'Five for Wrench and Vaughan.' Wrench rose and bowed to each as he retired. Arthur Vaughan took no notice.

Sir Robert's voters looked at one another uneasily. They had the day before them, but—. He saw the look, however, and, putting White and his remonstrances on one side, he joined them, bade them follow him, and descended before them. He would ask no man to do what he would not do himself.

The moment his action was understood, the moment the men were seen following him, there was a yell so fierce and a movement so threatening that on the lowest step of the hustings he stood bareheaded, raised his hand for silence, and for a wonder was obeyed. In a clear loud voice:

'Do you expect to terrify me?' he cried. 'Either by threats or violence? Let any man look in my face and see if it change colour. Let him come and lay his hand on my heart and feel if it beats the quicker! Keep my voters from the poll and you stultify

your own, for there will be no election. Make way, then, and let them pass to their duty !'

And the crowd made way ; and Arthur Vaughan felt a reluctant pang of admiration. The five were polled ; the result, so far, five for each of the candidates.

There remained to poll only Arthur Vaughan and Pillinger of the 'Blue Duck,' if he could be brought up by the Tories. If neither of these voted the returning officer would certainly give the casting vote for Sir Robert's candidates—if he dared.

Isaac White believed that he would not dare. For some time past the agent had been in covert talk with Pybus at the back of the hustings, two or three of the friends of each masking the conference. Now he drew aside his employer, who had returned in safety to his place, and he conferred with him. But for a time it was clear that Sir Robert would not listen to what he had to say. He looked pale and angry, and returned but curt answers. But White persisted, holding him by the sleeve.

'Mr. Vaughan—bah, what a noise they make—has refused to vote,' he explained. 'But in the end he may, sir. If he does that will give it to them unless we can bring up Pillinger, which is impossible. Even if we can bring him up it will be a tie——'

'Well, well,' Sir Robert struck in, eyeing him sternly, 'what more do we want ? The returning officer——'

'He will not dare,' White whispered, 'and if he does, sir, it is my belief he will be murdered. More, if we win they will rush the booth and destroy the books. They have as good as told me they will stick at nothing. Believe me, sir,' he continued earnestly, 'better than one and one we can't look for now. And better one than none !'

But it was long before Sir Robert could be persuaded. No ! defeat or victory, he would fight to the last. He would be beholden to the other side for nothing. White, however, was an honest man, and less afraid of his master than usual ; and he held to it. And at length the reflection that the bargain would at least shut out his kinsman prevailed with Sir Robert, and he consented.

He was too chivalrous to return on his own side the man whose success would fill his pockets. He elected for Wathen, and never doubted that the Bowood interest would return their first love, Wrench. But when the Lord of the 'Blue Duck' was brought up by agreement to vote for a candidate on either side, Pillinger voted by order for Wathen and Vaughan !

‘There’s some d——d mistake!’ shrieked Squire Rowley as the words reached his ears. Sir Robert said nothing. Probably his feelings were beyond words.

But there was no mistake, and, to the silent disgust of the Tories and amid the frantic cheering of the Whigs, the return was made in favour of Serjeant John Wathen and Arthur Vermuyden Vaughan, Esq. Loud and long was the cheering; the air was black with caps. But when the crowd sought for the two, to chair them according to immemorial custom, only the Serjeant could be found. And he, with great prudence, declined the honour.

(To be continued.)

THE BIRDS OF LONDON, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE question of the influence of human encroachment on Nature is one that has two aspects—the sentimental and the practical. London in its growth has naturally and inevitably eaten its way into surrounding districts, absorbing marshes, heaths, hills, and valleys, and even hiding away streams that once lay within what are now the bounds of Greater London. Such an urban invasion of rural districts as this could not fail to destroy or drive away most of the old attractive features; and here the sentimentalist makes his moan. He bewails the exchange of fields and woods and marshlands for square miles of bricks and mortar, and of the wild bird's notes for the screech of the cab-whistle and the raucous cries of street-hawkers. And if he be a bird-lover he will tell you that once upon a time, only a few centuries ago, the Londoner could have said with Cassius :



THE KITE.

'I prefer country to town.
London's too beastly clean
nowadays.'

Ravens, crows, and kites

Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us.

Certainly the kite was a London bird. It could be seen soaring with splendid stretch of wing over the busiest streets; it even came down to the butchers' blocks. But the kite, like other birds, has been ruthlessly driven away, so the sentimentalist says. There is, however, a practical side to the matter, and this is that the kite used to frequent London streets because, like the bird

scavengers that haunt the towns and villages of the East, it was attracted by the garbage of unclean ways, and when the authorities took the scavenging in hand themselves the kite found its occupation gone.

Londoners are too fond of feathered life wilfully to drive away any birds that like to live in their midst, but the birds themselves stay or go according to whether or not the conditions of a city life suit them. For instance, woodpigeons and some of the gulls have within the last few years made up their minds that the great city, instead of being a terror and an enemy, is a place where food is plentiful and no man carries a gun. When we pause for a moment in our strenuous town life and look round us it is really a matter of wonder to see what a variety of bird-life still exists, not only on the fringe, but even in the midst of the vast conglomeration of human dwellings.

In writing of the 'Birds of London' it is only reasonable to include some references to those which, although they have partially or entirely disappeared, come within the title by virtue of historical tradition. The kite I have already spoken of as a former frequenter of London streets, for it was protected by law on account of its public services at a time when sanitary authorities were unknown. Whether the London of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was more filthy in condition than the cities of the Continent it is difficult to say, but certainly the fact that foreigners who visited us at that time were struck by the number of these useful Nature's scavengers would appear to be an argument that it was so. One Schaschek, from Bohemia, stated that he had never seen so many kites as around London Bridge, and about a century later an eminent naturalist, Belon, wrote in his 'Observations' that in London they were almost as numerous as they were in Cairo, and that he saw them feeding not only on the garbage of the streets but even on the flotsam and jetsam of the Thames. The last nest of the kite in London was destroyed in 1777 from the trees in Gray's Inn Gardens, when the young birds were sacrificed on the altar of inquisitive science in order to discover on what they had fed.

The unpopular raven, unpopular in consequence of the morbid superstitions that have been woven around it, also in those days enjoyed protection on account of its useful propensities, and appears to have held its own in London down to a much later date than did the kite. In all probability the earlier decrease and dis-

appearance of the kite assisted the longer survival of the raven, for from what Sir Thomas Browne wrote about the middle of the seventeenth century, it is evident that the two species did not dwell together in harmony, their interests being too much in common; and, writing of the ravens at Norwich, he mentions that they were 'in good plentie about the citty which makes so few kites to be seen hereabout.' The last ravens of London proper left Hyde Park about 1826 in consequence of their nest being destroyed by one of the keepers. On the outer fringe of the town a pair apparently nested, according to Mr. W. H. Hudson, down to 1845, at Enfield, in a clump of elm-trees known as the 'Seven Sisters,'



THE RAVEN.

'I used to live in London.'

some of which were still standing in 1898. Though they were driven from London as a breeding species about the above dates, from time to time individuals have since made their appearance, but never to stay long.

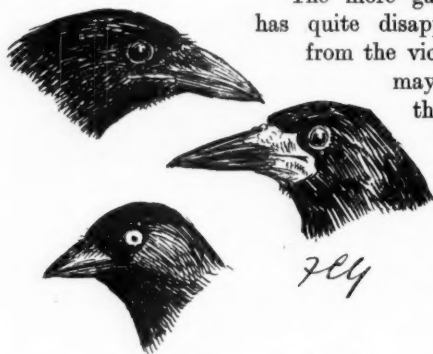
Ravens are getting scarce in these islands, but perhaps one day some wise individual may discover that London, where there are no prowling gamekeepers or gunners, is after all a very safe place. As for food, he might find, as the big gulls in the Zoo have found out, that sparrows are plentiful and not bad eating.

There are several members of the Corvidæ family still among us, more particularly on the outskirts. The carrion crow is con-

stantly flying over London, resting sometimes in our inner parks, or perhaps more frequently resorting to the muddy foreshores of the Thames at low tide, picking up anything edible that has been washed ashore. Sometimes it will drop almost on to the water in its flight, and will pick up floating morsels with the dexterity of a seagull. The crow is not a gregarious bird, but goes about usually either singly or in pairs, and though sadly diminished in numbers as compared with former years, its hoarse croak and black plumage are still familiar in the various parks and old gardens of the metropolis. Immediately outside they become numerous, and it is no doubt from the birds that breed in the home counties that the London crows are recruited.

The more gaudily plumaged magpie has quite disappeared as a wild bird from the vicinity of London, and it may be assumed that those individuals which have appeared in our parts from time to time have been escaped cage-birds.

Like the crows, their more gregarious brethren, the rooks, are constantly making day trips to town from the nearer suburbs



CROW. JACKDAW.

ROOK.

where rookeries still exist; but the London establishments are a thing of the past, with the single notable exception of a very small colony that survives in Gray's Inn Gardens, where the birds have again started repairing their old nests. The larger London rookery of Kensington Gardens was broken up about a quarter of a century ago in consequence of the short-sighted policy of the authorities in cutting down a large number of the fine old trees. In their ignorance they thought the rooks would take up their abode in the neighbouring trees, but, as those who knew anything of the ways of these peculiar socialistic colonists predicted, they promptly removed from the district altogether. In a somewhat similar manner the Greenwich Park rookery was destroyed. It is not, however, outside the realms of possibility that even after this long interval of desertion they may return, for the ways of the rooks

are full of mystery, and the tendency in our splendid open spaces at the present day is towards an increase of bird life.

The woodpigeons, loafers from the country, have only within recent years taken up a town residence in preference to their rural habitats, and the stock-dove seems to be following their example.

It is strange that the cheery jackdaw has never obtained a stronger footing in our centre, for in most of our old towns it haunts the church spires and cathedrals, taking the place there which the much crossed and recrossed domestic pigeon occupies in London. Although numerous in the near suburbs, where its



THE SPOONBILL, formerly of Fulham.



THE HERON.

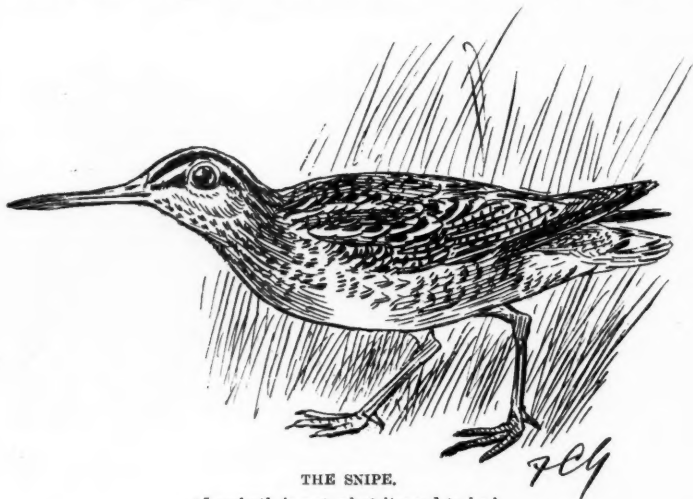
graceful flight and bright cry and cheery disposition are great attractions, the only colony that we can boast of is a small one in Kensington Gardens and Holland Park. There is also, I believe, a pair in residence in the tower of St. Pancras Church.

The only other remaining member of this family, the screeching and gaudy-plumaged jay, is not to be seen except in the open spaces on the borders, such as Wimbledon, Hampstead, and Wanstead.

It is with feelings of great regret that the bird-lover scans the steadily increasing list of species that have deserted or are deserting the British Islands. The causes are manifold, the great

increase of game preservation, and the reclamation of our marshes and waste lands being perhaps the chief ones. These changes have operated strongly on what is now known as the London area, for we have it on record that during the reign of Henry VIII. the spoonbills bred in the Bishop's Park at Fulham, still an open space for Londoners. That quaint bird has now completely disappeared from our shores as a breeding species, and those few wanderers which at odd times still find their way here pay for their recklessness at the hand of the heedless gunner or the remorseless collector.

In the sixteenth century there was also a well-established heronry in the same park at Fulham, and even now we have the



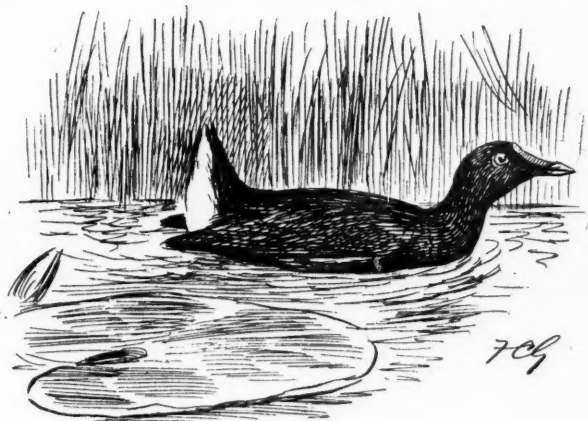
THE SNIPE.

'Lambeth is not what it used to be.'

consolation of knowing that we need not go far out of the metropolis to find the bird nesting, for there are heronries in Richmond and Wanstead Parks, in both of which places they are rigorously protected. It was, too, in still more recent time that snipe were shot on the Lambeth Marshes, and no doubt the red-shank and many another marsh-loving bird haunted the place, which is now built over.

Like the heron, the snipe is still to be found on the outskirts, and only last year I found three nests with eggs within fifteen miles of the City, and within two hundred yards of one of the main roads from London.

Though these birds have been driven away by the encroachments of a great expanding city, it is a comfort to the bird-lover to see that within recent years other species have arrived to take their place. The moor-hens, or moat-hens, as they were called in bygone days, in their wanderings found our London parks eminently suited to their taste, and have spread to almost every suitable lake within our borders that possesses the attractions of reeds or overhanging undergrowth. They may be seen at all seasons of the year making their way quietly across the water with curious jerks of the head and tail, exposing the pure white feathers below. Often, too, they may be seen wandering in search of food on the grassy banks in company with the other waterfowl, and it is amusing



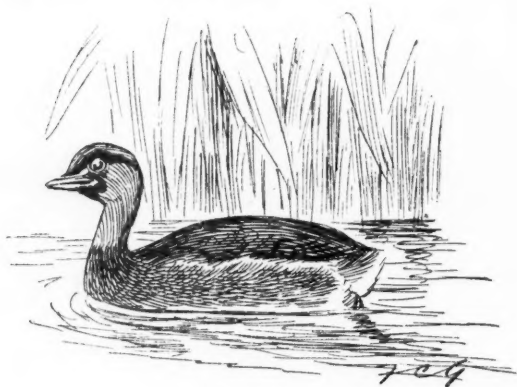
THE MOORHEN.

to watch them strutting about with the same peculiar jerky movement, and showing extreme resentment if too closely approached by their companions.

The bird is crepuscular in habits, and delights to croak and wander about in the twilight. It is possible that in consequence of its fondness for the hours of dusk the white of the underpart of the tail may play an important part in revealing its presence to its mate, in much the same manner that a rabbit is often only seen in the dark as it scuttles along by the glint of its white tail.

A still more interesting bird has taken up its abode in similar quarters. This is the little grebe or dabchick, which only thirty years ago was almost unknown to our parks. It has evidently

come to remain, for its return every spring is now regular ; it stays on during the summer months to rear the brood in the floating nest of accumulated weeds, and to feed on the small fish fry of the ponds. On the approach of winter, in spite of their feeble powers of flight, the dabchicks take their departure for the running waters, probably of the Upper Thames and its backwaters, where there is no danger of their being frozen in in severe weather. I wonder if any Londoner watching these birds has ever seen them fly ? It is not surprising that they never take to that form of escape from molestation, for their agility in diving and swimming beneath the water for considerable distances is ample compensation for their small and undeveloped wings.



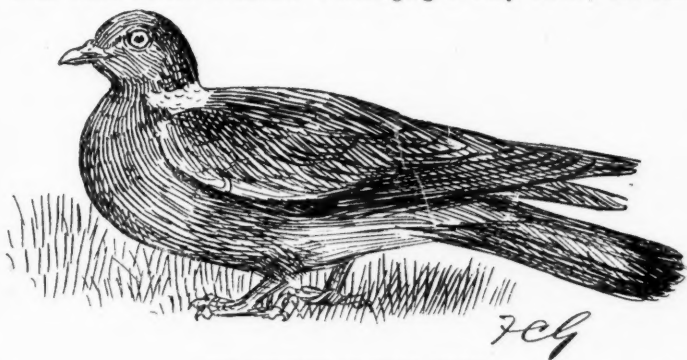
THE DABCHICK.

The woodpigeon is another of the species that finds the protection of the parks and the easy acquisition of food to its benefit. It was not always with us. The colonisation movement evidently started from the appearance of a pair of birds in the Buckingham Palace gardens in 1883, and from that date onward they grew rapidly in numbers, attracting probably many of the birds that always were numerous in the open country just outside. At the present time they have spread to such an extent that they nest in the trees of the squares and gardens of Inner London, and often may the dweller in the Bloomsbury region awake in the early hours to the insistent cooing of the cushat :

Take two-o coos Taffy,
Take two coos Taffy.

The sound is like a breath of country air to the town dweller, and must awaken many an old memory of the green meadows and woodlands.

And what birds these London woodpigeons are—fat, sleek, and grimy compared with their rural relations ! The old belief that the streets of London were paved with gold has brought many a Tom Tiddler into the city from the remote villages and towns, and the fact that the parks and open spaces are literally strewn with crumbs is just as strong an attraction to this shy country bird, shy everywhere except with us in the city. There are no dangers of lurking guns or hovering hawk ; food at all seasons is easy to obtain, for it is often brought to them ; and their nests, even when in the branches overhanging a busy street, are safe



THE RINGDOVE OR WOOD PIGEON.

from marauders, safe from weasel and polecat, and safe from the schoolboy raider. Food is not always so easily obtained in the country, and often the cushat has to subsist for a period on the ripened grass-seeds, the stalks of which are known as 'bents,' hence the proverbial saying :

Pigeons never do know woe
Until they do a-benting go.

But the woodpigeon in London knows no 'benting days.'

It is during those bright, invigorating days of spring that often burst suddenly in London after the seemingly long period of gloom of the murky, smoke-begrimed winter that one notices the smaller bird-dwellers in the parks and gardens. The starling, resplendent in its glossy plumage, which shows the rich metallic greens and purples in the bright sunshine, babbles and chatters more loudly

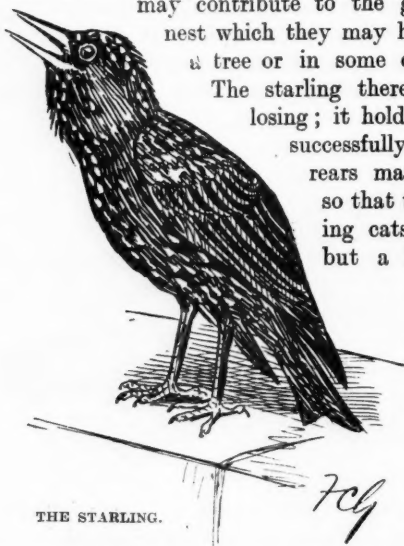
and with a greater variety of notes than the apparently more sombre starling of the winter months. He has never really dropped his cheerfulness, for even when he has been sitting on a leafless tree or housetop, with feathers ruffled for warmth, in the misty, drizzling gloom, he has broken into the everlasting rumble of the metropolis with a cheery note. But it is now that he is heard at his best with his quaint, long-drawn whistles and mixed chatter of melody and discord. Each pair of birds is busy picking up all the ragged straws, odd pieces of string or rags, or anything that may contribute to the general untidiness of the nest which they may have placed in the hole of a tree or in some one's chimney-pot or roof.

The starling there is not much fear of our losing; it holds its own in London very successfully, and, like the sparrow, rears many a family in a season, so that the few which the wandering cats succeed in catching go but a little way to reduce the numbers.

There is a popular belief that cats are averse to both starlings and robins on account of a bitterness in the flavour of their flesh. Unfortunately, facts do not support the belief, for it is undoubtedly in

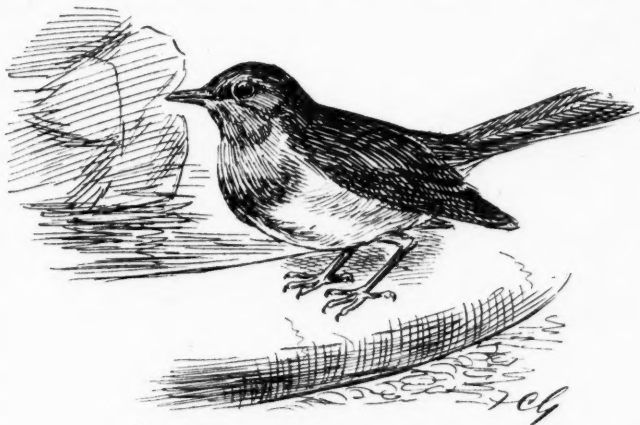
consequence of the large number of cats, enemies of anything with fur or feather small enough for them to tackle, that the robin has been almost exterminated as a London bird, but a few may still be seen in Regent's Park. It was not so many years ago that the bright little redbreast might have been seen in most of our squares and gardens and even market-places, and one has recently been seen in a Bloomsbury garden; but his sweet, short burst of song is for the Londoner, on the whole, but a memory of the past, and there is little hope of his return.

The blackbirds and thrushes are still numerous enough in some of the parks to fill the air around with song. In Regent's Park on the last Sunday in February the full rich notes of the missel-



THE STARLING.

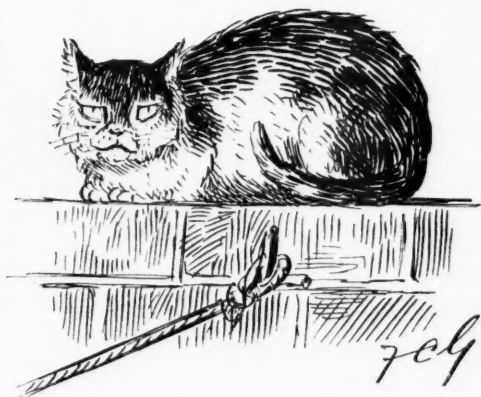
thrush rang out strong and clear above the more mellow note of the blackbird and weaker song of the song thrush. Though these



THE ROBIN.

lovely songsters are to be seen and heard in our larger open spaces, they are not numerous, and probably never will be, for already they have decreased from former years, and the cat, again, is accountable for many disappearances.

The blue-tits still frequent the gardens of Inner London, and here and there they make a daily visit in search of their insect food, hopping and flitting from branch to



'THE CAT FIEND' OR 'GARDEN WALL DEMON.'

branch, as often as not clinging on with their little claws and swinging to and fro head downwards. If there are any of these little birds in the locality they are easily encouraged to visit

one regularly, for there is nothing they like better than to peck at a lump of fat, suet, or bacon rind, suspended on the end of a piece of string, or perhaps half a cocoanut, either fixed in a tree or else suspended like the fat. It is



THE MISSEL-THRUSH.

important to hang it up in this manner if one wishes to reserve the food for the tits alone; otherwise the predominant sparrows would swoop down in their legions and quickly dispose of any such dainty long before the more delicate and shyer bird would be aware of its existence. Sometimes the sparrows will attempt to seize the suspended food, but usually all such attempts end ludicrously in ignominious

failure. It seems only natural, after all, that the sparrow should appear ludicrous when baffled; he is not often placed in such a position, and when he is, he does not understand it.



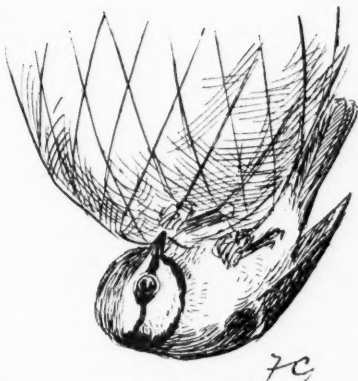
THE BLACKBIRD.

Persistency is the keynote of his nature all the world over, but the London variety, the loafers from the country as it were, who have invaded the great city on all sides, and who are so satisfied with the easy conditions of city life, the absence of sparrow clubs,

scarecrows, rattles and blunderbusses, and suchlike little nuisances that interfered with the comforts of their country forebears, have developed a degree of cheekiness hardly surpassed even by the gamin of the gutter. The street-arab and the sparrow have many characteristics in common; the former has no respect whatever for laws or institutions, and the latter rear their broods in untidy nests, tucked away in a niche of an architectural moulding or a statue. Nearly all the world over they flourish among the crowded habitations of man, and there find a welcome not accorded to their country cousins in places where there are rich gardens and fields of grain. In London, so free from their natural enemies, there is,



THE SONG THRUSH.



THE BLUE-TIT.

however, still danger, for the birds are sometimes unwary enough in their confidence to approach too nearly the piratical black-backed gulls which come up the river during the winter months, and little mercy is shown by the marauder, for the sparrow is seized and gulped down whole before there is time to utter the feeblest protest.

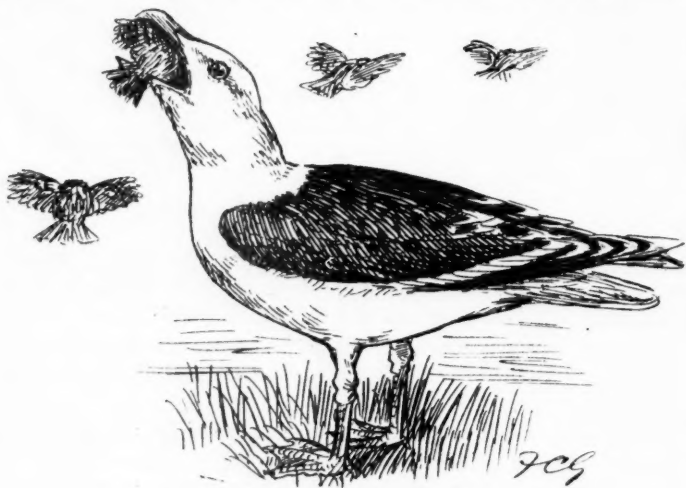
Quite one of the sights of London is the nightly concourse of sparrows in the parks or squares. Just before sunset they gather in their thousands on certain favourite trees for their nightly roost, but for some time before they settle down and tuck their heads into their wings they keep up an incessant chattering and fluttering that drowns almost any other sound in the immediate

neighbourhood. It is as if each had come home from his day's excursions anxious to pour into the ears of his neighbour an excited account of the day's doings. In Devonshire Square, nearly opposite Liverpool Street Station, there stands a solitary plane-tree, the roosting-place of one of these communities, and in the fading light of an early winter evening the bare branches seem to be crowded with fruit, so numerous and so huddled together are the sparrows that seek a refuge there.



JACK SPARROW.

In the parks and squares where the trees are more numerous the colonies are usually spread over several adjoining trees, but the same spots are chosen



BLACK-BACKED GULL AND SPARROW.

night after night. Whether each individual bird claims a recognised spot for roosting one cannot tell, but from the amount of

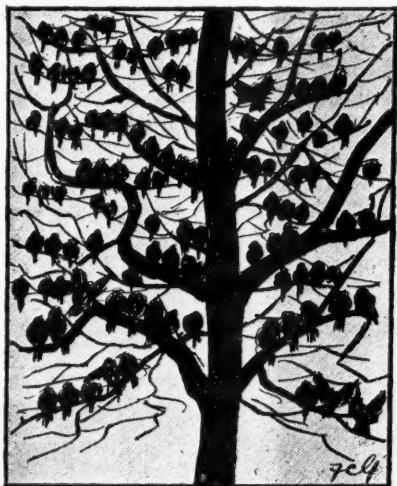
fluttering, quarrelling, and bickering that goes on one might imagine that it is so.

In dealing with the birds of London one must not omit to mention the great army of sea-gulls that come up from the lower reaches of the river every morning during the late autumn and winter months, returning to their favourite marshes and mud flats nightly at sundown. Some small detached bands, perhaps, late in starting down, and more probably those from the higher reaches, appear to settle in the drifting tide running through London, and at night one may see them floating along in somnolent attitudes as they cross the patches of light that catch the water.

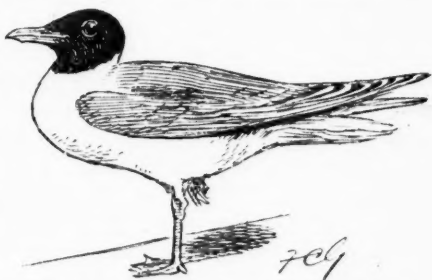
The great majority of these gulls that haunt our bridges and provide so much amusement for the multitude of passers-by are the black-headed gulls in their winter garb. Some few individuals may be noted among them before their departure in their handsome nuptial plumage, the brown-black of the head contrasting handsomely with the white and French greys of the body and wings.

Other species sometimes accompany them,

and the great black-backed gulls, soaring high above the smaller birds, may often be seen. One day as I was passing over Waterloo Bridge a blackish bird rose heavily from the water below and flew



SPARROWS ROOSTING.

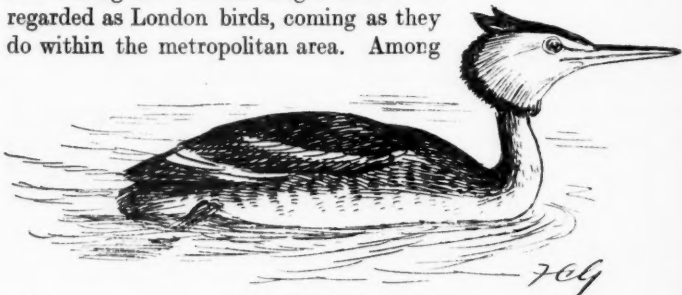


THE BLACK-HEADED GULL, a graceful mendicant.

with a quick beat of the wings upwards, and then circled round dipped again, and went away under the arches of Blackfriars Bridge. It was a guillemot, a haunter of the sea and unusual in its occurrence so far up the river.

There are a large number of species that pass overhead during the spring and autumnal movements, but never resting in our midst. From an office window in the City I have constantly seen hawks, swallows, swifts, fieldfares, redwings and plover, and even now and then a heron, fly across the narrow patch of sky visible above the roofs and chimney-pots, but these passengers are rarely noticed by any of the crowd in the streets below.

Though the bird residents of Inner London are so few, one has but to go a very small distance to the fringes of the great city to find a long list of what might almost be regarded as London birds, coming as they do within the metropolitan area. Among



THE GREAT CRESTED GREBE.

these may be mentioned, though decreasing in numbers, the nightingale whose glorious burst of song both by day and night may still be heard in some of the suburbs; the nuthatch, a shy visitor to many a garden; the woodpeckers, wagtails, and goldfinches which may be seen around Hampstead and Wanstead. A little further out still the large area of Epping Forest, extending from Wanstead to Epping and Waltham, provides a refuge for a large number of both residents and migrants, which are treated in so interesting a fashion by Mr. E. N. Buxton in his book on Epping Forest; while, on the other side of the river, Richmond Park is a sanctuary worthy of notice, for here the herons breed and the great crested grebes nest.

F. H. CARRUTHERS GOULD.

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